

HAMILTON COLLECTION



VOX LYCEI

**PEACE NUMBER
EASTER - 1919**

H. Carl Reinke

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**PEACE NUMBER
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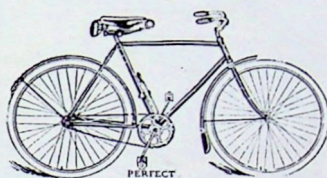
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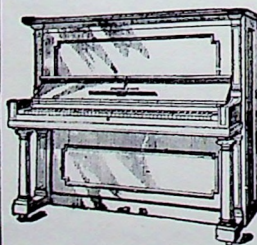
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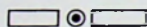
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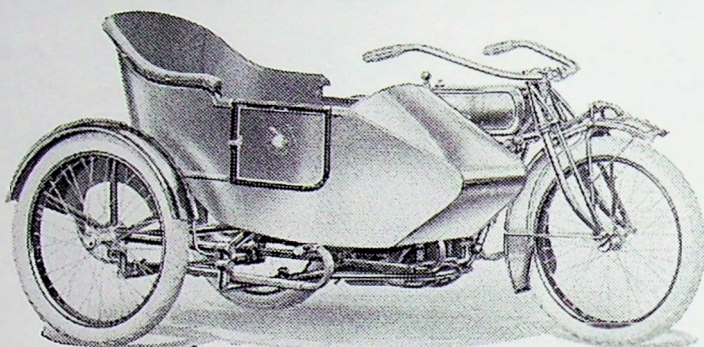
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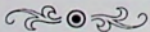
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To David Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain,
and all the other great statesmen who have been
in attendance at the Peace Conference, there
working out for us a sane and just
settlement of peace, this number
is reverentially dedicated.



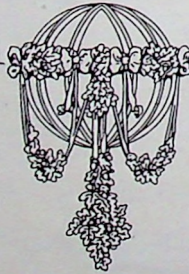
Acknowledgement



THE response of the school to our appeal for material has most certainly proved worthy of a great measure of praise.

It is with this fact in mind that the staff wish to extend their thanks to each and every pupil upon whose aid or effort the success of this issue is in any way due.

We have endeavored, impartially, and we hope, successfully to give each room approximately the same amount of space and consideration. If your contribution does not appear in print, rest assured that lack of space is alone responsible for its non-appearance.





ALL TOGETHER ——

Phi, Ki, Si,
Kappa, Lama, Pie,
A. I. Protos—Protos H. C. I.

Hick-a-racka, hock-a-racka, bim-boom-bah!
Boom-a-lacka, hip-a-cracka, rah-rah-rah!
Shibim, shiboom, shibim-boom-bah!
Hamilton Collegiate! Rah-rah-rah!



For Our Dead.

For you our dead, beyond the
 sea,
 Who gave your lives to hold
 us free,
 By us, who keep your memory,
 What can be said?

We cannot sing your praises
 right,
 Lost heroes of the endless
 fight;
 Whose souls into the lonely
 night,
 Too soon have fled.

We can but honour, cherish,
 bless,
 Your sacred names; no words
 express
 The measure of our thankful-
 ness,

To you, our Dead!

—By Sir Sidney Low.



VOX LYCEI

PEACE NUMBER

EASTER, 1919

VOL. IX.

NUMBER 1

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COVER DESIGN—J. TURNBULL

PUBLISHED BY THE LYCEUM OF THE
HAMILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, HAMILTON, ONT.

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ROBERT F. OGILVY, Editor-in-Chief

PEACE

The long, tense vigil of the night is past:
From dim-seen sea to crowned heights, the sky
Is clearing of the murky mists of war.
The winds of Freedom, sweeping from afar,
Have rent them like a veil; the thunders die;
The flashes, laying bare the heavens, cease;
From o'er the fleeing rifted clouds, at last
Shines down the ruddy Morning Star of Peace.

—C. Everard Lyght.

It is unlikely that there will be, in the years to come, any approach to the great world-wide celebration that occurred on the eleventh day of last November. Even the final announcement of the terms of peace will hardly produce such an effect; for, then, the world had been tensely watching the greatest struggle of history for over four long, anxious years; while, now, for several months, we have been living in an atmosphere that, to a large extent, has been cleared of the perplexity and apprehension.

Yet, though the people have greatly enjoyed this relief, there has been possible very little relaxation of the responsibilities and the close, continuous concentration under which our statesmen and leaders have laboured.

After the brief respite, following the signing of the armistice, there immediately loomed up the stupendous problem of drafting a permanent treaty of peace. Delegates from every country in the world were appointed by their respective governments, and held themselves in readiness to journey to Paris, there to lay before the permanent conference their demands or their hopes, as the case might be. And this permanent council, consisting of a fixed num-

ber of representatives from each of the allied countries and a similar number from neutral sources, has been debating and formulating its decisions, so that the different claimants may have as just treatment as is possible for man to give, and that each nation may receive its due in full. Lloyd George, the Premier of Great Britain, with leaders of the House of Commons, the Army and the Navy, Premier Orlando of Italy, Premier Clemenceau and the leading statesmen of France, and President Wilson of the United States, all have been much occupied safeguarding the interests of their respective countries, and securing an indisputably fair settlement of all the many questions with which the conference is confronted.

Fixing the frontiers of the many interested nations is, in itself, a very difficult problem, for everywhere the boundaries claimed by the different states, have overlapped, in some cases for great distances. And while these claims were being presented by the ablest and most eloquent statesmen these countries could produce, and while the leaders in every department of all the allied countries have been thus engrossed in Paris, they have also done their utmost to draw up a constitution for a League of Nations. In this, there was no assistance to be derived from the long annals of history. Great differences and difficulties have arisen and been conquered, till now a constitution has been drafted and is receiving the finish and completeness that only master minds can give. Yet, if left as it is, how crude it would seem in a few short years!

While the Peace Conference has been making certain and definite progress, and has been successful in its sphere of action, its work has been temporarily delayed by the absence of some one of the allied leaders, caused by the urgent necessity of his presence in his own country, due largely to labour problems. This is a time of great social and political upheaval, and it must be realised that a new era of reconstruction that requires careful and thoughtful handling is before the world. For past generations certain labouring classes have been unduly oppressed; life has had an overwhelming amount of hardship and too little of joy. Now the purpose of certain groups is to completely reverse this order of things. Bolshevism has held Russia in its terrible grip for many months—heart-rending months for the majority of the people. As its grip on Russia gradually weakens, it is threatening to tighten its gory hand on Germany and Austria. Although these people have been our enemies, and even yet have not lost their domineering insolence—still, for the sake of humanity and all the world, Bolshevism must be promptly and decisively crushed.

In our own country, we must so order and arrange affairs that there may be no desire on the part of any portion of our people to attempt to follow the example of the mad adherents of the self-appointed Russian leaders in this dread thing. Adequate and proper arrangements and conditions must be provided for our soldiers, who themselves guaranteed these to us when our very existence was threatened. Our government is acting to the best of its ability, and, with the loyal support of every citizen, our country, in this time of reconstruction and reformation, will undoubtedly step onward and upward in the plane of civilization, and be truly worth while the sacrifices of the last four years.

In this era of reconstruction that is dawning, some of those instruments

that owe their development and the state of their present perfection to the great conflict, and that have been important means of destroying human life, are now to be turned into the channels of peace and are forming some of the most important innovations in our reconstruction work. Aeroplanes have been indispensable on the Western Front for the past three years, and it was largely due to the untiring heroism of our pilots and observers that the morale of the enemy was broken and that the retreat of their forces was rapidly turned to an utter rout. Returning from that life of action and adventure, these airmen are searching for new fields of conquest. The preparations of the different pilots for the great trans-Atlantic flight, are rapidly nearing completion, and by the second week in April, weather conditions permitting, a Sopwith machine should have made an attempt at the greatest flight ever undertaken. There are also others, who are preparing to fly from Canada to Great Britain in less than two days. The British Government is giving its hearty support and has voted hundreds of millions of dollars for the expansion and development of the aeroplane industry. Aerial mail is an accomplished fact and regular service is carried on between several of the larger cities of the United States.

But another invention has provided even more rapid method of communication. When the Marconi Company established telephonic connection between Ireland and Nova Scotia, many people were sceptical regarding the possibility of this being of much advantage commercially. However, in the last month, wireless telephones have been installed in three offices in Montrea and appear to be very satisfactory for long distance service.

Now with deepest sincerity and earnestness, all Canada hopes for the speedy and fair adjustment of peace for all time. May the deliberations of those great minds, be under Divine guidance, and may their decisions be such as only that guidance can accomplish.

THIS ISSUE

Somebody turned in these two little extracts in the room material. Believe me! The staff agrees with the second! We sometimes wonder if you believe the first. Do you?

Bread is the staff of life,
Therefore the "Vox" staff
must be one long loaf.

The "Vox Lycei" is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money?
And the staff gets all the blame.

You remember, an H.C.I. pin was promised the form reporter and also the room reporter supplying the most material for this issue of the "Vox." As you know, Elliot Mill of Senior Third, and Gordon C. Kelly of Room Twelve, were the lucky reporters. But it must be stated, that the staff was very gratified by the response from every room in the school; and though the editors, who read the material, have little sense of humour left, we are all

very grateful to every one of you for the large amount of material submitted, and for the great support we had in all our work.

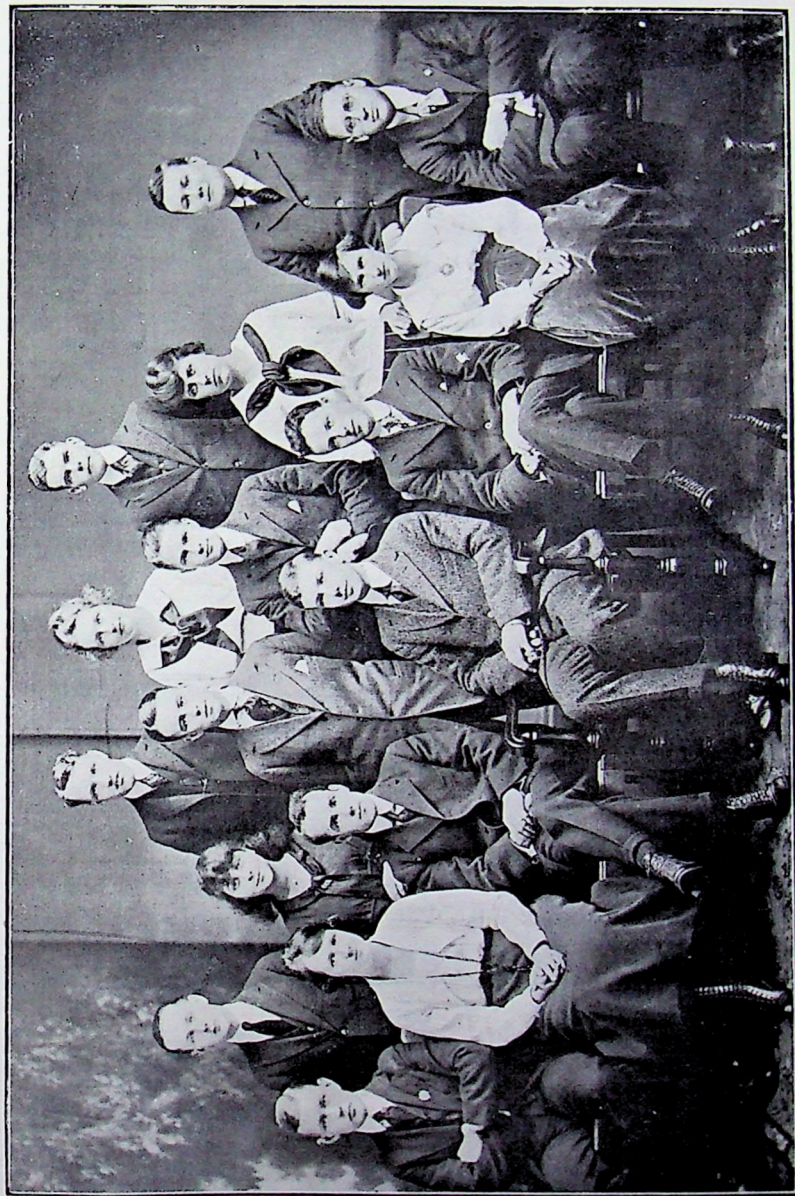
The numerous short stories written for the competition also prove that the interest of the pupils in the "Vox" is continually increasing. For this issue three times as many essays were turned in as for the previous number.

The staff has worked hard to make this "Vox" a credit to the school, to uphold and add to the great reputation this magazine is acquiring, both in this city and in points far distant. In this respect the school could not have given more energetic and whole-hearted assistance, both in abundance of material sent in and also in actual time spent by volunteers, who have materially aided several departments. Although Jimmy Nairn found it necessary to resign his position as artist, it has not prevented him from doing his part for the success of the "Vox," and for this we are truly grateful.

Owing to a continued advance in the cost of production, it has been necessary that the price of the "Vox" remain twenty cents. A decided improvement in this issue will be noticed in the new method of binding that has been used. The magazine was growing too bulky to be bound in the old manner, and although this improvement entailed greater expense, the staff felt perfectly justified in making the change, as it was considered that the new binding would so increase the value and appearance of the "Vox," both from the advertiser's and reader's point of view, that the additional cost would be warranted thereby.

A new department has been introduced—the Social Column. Conditions have been such in the last four years that there has been no need for a social column, but now we hope it will continue to increase till it is numbered among the most important in the book. There are a few other slight changes which, it is hoped, will meet with your approval.

So with a feeling of regret for the severance of pleasant associations we have formed, but with a feeling of thankfulness that our work is finished, the staff presents this book to you, with the simple wish that it may please.



VOX STAFF, EASTER, 1919

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HAROLD A. BOYDE, Editor

The first Alumni Ball since the beginning of the war, was held in the Assembly Hall on Friday, the seventh of March. Its success was assured from the outset, as it had the enthusiastic support of the principal; the members of the executive worked their hardest; and the fact that it was the first dance in the school in five years made a large attendance certain.

By the night of the dance, the hall had been splendidly decorated with flags of the Allies, draped in the "butterfly" style, and the wall lights had all been beautifully shaded by a committee composed of Misses E. Morden, H. McDonald and M. Morton. The large floor was perfect for dancing, and the dance music played by Lomas' orchestra could not be excelled. Nearly three hundred couples enjoyed the dances while the hall was at times brilliantly lighted, then dimmed for the moonlight waltzes, then lighted only by the multi-colored spotlight.

During the intermission the serpentine twirlers began to stream up and deck the hall with streaks of vivid colour. Punch was served at both doors of the hall. A large number of "old boys" and "old girls" were present, including many returned officers and men in the khaki of the Army and the blue of the Fleet.

The patronesses were: Mesdames R. A.

Thompson, J. B. Turner, W. M. Logan, A. W. Morris, G. L. Johnson, B. L. Simpson, E. S. Hogarth and W. K. Foucar.

The principal, Dr. Thompson, the two counsellors, Messrs. Edward Morrison and W. K. Foucar and Mr. H. E. Collins, gave valuable assistance.

For the complete success of the dance credit is due the Lyceum Executive, Archdale Wilson, who was in charge of the financial arrangements and Wilbur Kent, to whom the lighting effects were entrusted, as well as many others who gave various assistance, particularly in cleaning up after the ball.

Besides giving those present a great time, the dance was a financial success and a very substantial sum was realized for the War Memorial Fund, to which the proceeds were devoted.

The annual Commencement Exercises were held in the Assembly Hall on Friday, February 14th.

Mr. Lazier, Chairman of the Board, presided and spoke briefly, before calling on the Principal for his report. Deafening applause greeted Dr. Thompson, who referred to the pleasure he had in again being present at the Commencement, after his year's absence. The principal spoke

SOCIAL—Continued.

in feeling terms of the heavy casualties among the ex-students serving overseas, as well as the ravages of the influenza epidemic. After mentioning the returned soldiers who were resuming their studies at the Collegiate, he called attention to the high honours won by Collegiate pupils on the Departmental and University Examinations. Every scholarship candidate was successful, but A. H. Gee topped the list, winning the Prince of Wales, First General Proficiency and First Carter Scholarship, besides winning high honours in every subject, all at a time "when he was only sixteen years old and weighed seventy-two pounds." (Laughter and cheers!)

The principal's report was followed by the presentation of prizes. W. M. Logan, M.A., who received enthusiastic applause, presented the Levy Gold Medal to A. H. Gee in a characteristically witty speech. James Chisholm, M.A., LL.B., also presented the brilliant scholarship-winner with the Buchan Gold Medal for Classics.

Mrs. F. W. Brennen, after a short speech, pinned the Brennen Medal on Miss Edna Reinke, the winner; then J. E. Jolly was presented with the Lee Medal for Faculty Entrance.

The meeting came to an end after Mr. J. B. Turner, B.A., had awarded the prizes for attendance and application in the First Form to Miss F. Russell, Miss L. Cowen, Miss M. Morris, Miss G. Reid, Miss H. Smith, H. Morrell, W. Farsen and D. Armour; and after the presentation by Mr. James Gill, B.A., B. Paed., of the Reading Prizes, won by Misses F. May, L. Cowen, F. Sauber, A. Snively, and by Ormie Barrett and J. Gray.

If school events were more numerous and greater encouragement and interest were given them, the H. C. I. would appear less like a dungeon, as some claim it is, and more like a school that is able to lead the province not only educationally, but in every other direction; there would be less cause for the frequent regret of Old

Boys that after they have once left it, they seem at once to get out of touch with the school. We would have more life, energy and "zip." Instead of indifference, there would be widespread enthusiasm and real school spirit, from the first form up.

This year, things went off to a flying start. Next year—keep it up.

On Friday, March twenty-eighth, the annual Assault-at-Arms was held in the school gymnasium. Mr. McGarvin proved a very popular chairman and the large crowd heartily enjoyed the fine programme provided by the Athletic Association.

The opening basketball game between Toronto Y.M.C.A. Juniors and the Collegiate Seconds was warmly contested, but Collegiate finally won by a score of 25 to 27. The tug-of-war between the Tech. and the Collegiate, which the former won; the apparatus work, the broom ball game between Law Students and the Collegiate, which resulted in a draw; and the pillow fights, all aroused much interest and were freely applauded.

The first two boxing bouts, between Walsh and Davidson, and between Drouillard and Challen, both ended in draws, though interest was keen. The third bout between Birely and Kirkbride was thought to be the best, Kirkbride being considered the undoubted victor.

The closing event was a basketball game between H.C.I. and First Methodist Church. Owing to the absence of several of their regular men F.M.C. was defeated, 19-45, though their players put up a game fight.

This was one of the best programmes put on for several years past, and the attendance proves that the interest of the school in all local affairs is constantly increasing. The comparatively large number of girls present was a noticeable feature, and it is hoped even more will turn out next year.



FORM REPORTERS VOX LYCEI, EASTER, 1919

Miss C. Livingston, M. J. McGarvin, M.A.,
1st Form
N. Philippott,
Jr. 3rd Form

Miss D. Drew, E. Morrison, B.A.,
2nd Form
Miss D. Arnett,
4th Form

Counsellor
T. Walsh,
4th Form

Miss T. McIlroy,
Jr. 3rd Form
Miss M. Ford,
Sr. 3rd Form

D. Tilley,
1st Form
E. Mill,
Sr. 3rd Form

J. Gray,
2nd Form

"HIS MIDNIGHT ROMANCE"

A Tale of the H.C.I., but not of Love.

By JOHN R. GRAY.

IT was Spring that caused it. On that point I am quite sure. There is nothing else that can in any way account for the whole affair, and while other circumstances may have helped the thing along, I am of the opinion that when you have finished reading you will agree that Spring was the primary cause, and must take the responsibility from start to finish, even including the writing of this chronicle. Poets rave about Spring, and its blessings and inspirations. But I'm not a poet; in addition to this, a large number of hard hearted readers will remark that this story is most certainly farthest from a blessing or an inspiration.

Be that as it may.

The droning voice of the teacher rose and fell in a steady monotone, endless, unceasing and irritating to those students whose only desire was to rest in peace, away from the cares of the world, and where such a thing as study was unknown. To Frank Smye, as he shifted wearily in his seat, the voice was becoming unbearable.

"How did I ever make the mistake of coming to school this afternoon when all the great outdoors is calling me?" he panted, as he mopped his perspiring brow.

Strange to relate, his thoughts of the great outdoors were not associated with the green fields, or gurgling brooks, or cool, inviting forests. Although a robin was perched on the window sill, gazing from this vantage point of safety upon the wonders of a modern schoolroom, and through the window could be seen the new green foliage of the trees, yet Frank saw only large bill boards and posters that passed before his mind's eye in a flaring band of colors: "Best Vaudeville at Lyric;" "Mary Pickford in Her Latest—Temple;" "Good Bill at Unique;" and so on, one after another.

The hot, stifled air of the classroom seemed to increase a hundred fold, as he

thought longingly of the large cool interior of Loew's, into which thousands of cubic feet of fresh air were being forced every second.

"I never understood why they don't build as comfortable schools as they do theatres," muttered Frank sleepily. "This seat is about six sizes too small." Now, gentle reader, don't throw up your hands in horror. We, of course, all realize that our classrooms are satisfactory in every particular, and could not be improved in any manner whatsoever. It was Spring that caused this rebellious outburst.

Gradually Frank lost all sense of discomfort; the droning voice of the teacher had settled into a level that produced the effect of a magic lullaby, or the same feeling that arises in church, when the sermon is a little bit too long and uninteresting. . . there came a delicious sense of rest, of utter separation from the cares of life, and he slumbered softly, unnoticed by his fellow-students.

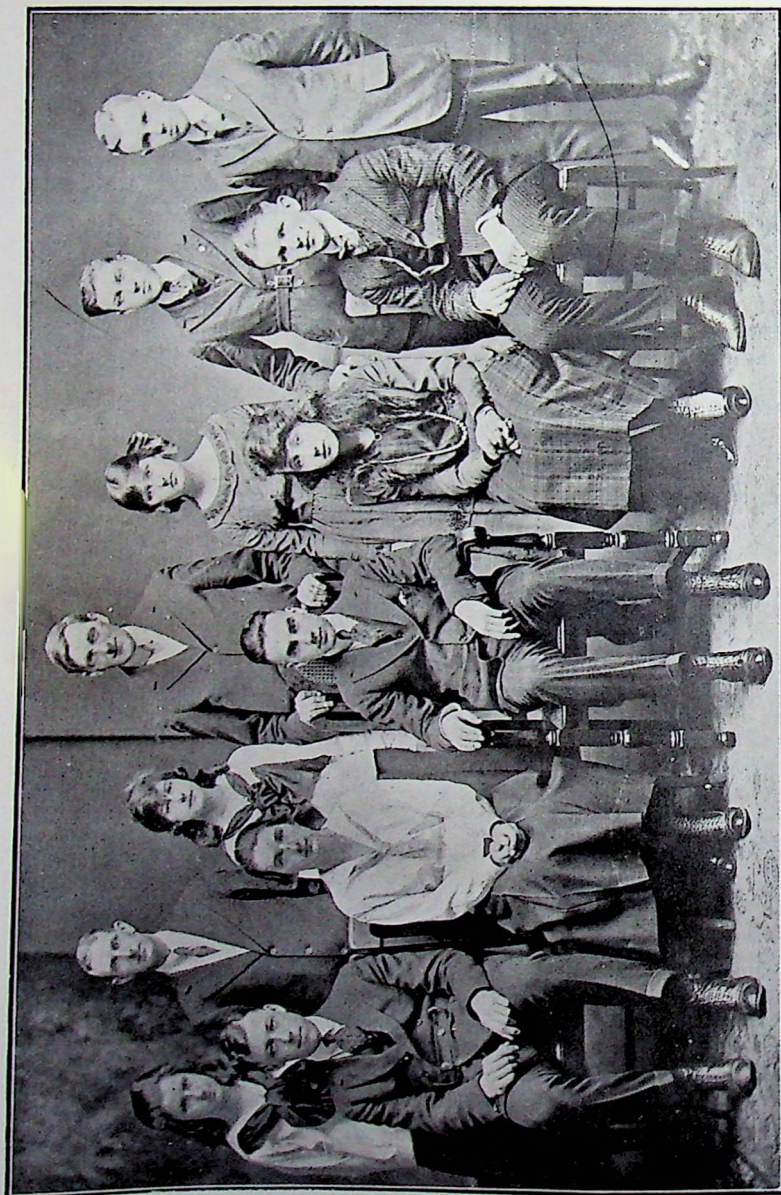
* * *

The deep, solemn notes of a tolling bell struck through the bonds of Morpheus, and Frank's senses, struggling to regain their normal activity, automatically began to count. Steadily the strokes rang out, one after another, until they ceased abruptly at—eleven!

His eyes opened on a darkness that enveloped him on all sides. His unnatural condition awakened him thoroughly, and he sat up, endeavouring to pierce the gloom for some sign of his surroundings. On his left, he could discern three or four oblong patches of faint light that evidently were windows, and the slight illumination that filtered through these, revealed in dim outline, several rows of desks, a radiator, and a window pole.

"Why!" cried Frank in surprise, "I'm in my own classroom."

Stumbling to his feet, he at once verified this fact by switching on the light.



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N. Philippott, Jr. 3rd Form	Miss D. Arndt, 4th Form	T. Walsh, 4th Form	D. Tilley, 1st Form
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"Why!" cried Frank in surprise, "I'm in my own classroom."

Stumbling to his feet, he at once verified this fact by switching on the light.

"But why am I here?" Frank questioned himself. Then he remembered. "By Jove! I have it! I've been here ever since this afternoon! I must have gone to sleep, in fact I dimly remember taking a little snooze, and when they went at four, they left me here. But how was it that Mr. Davidson didn't see me when he came to sweep out the rooms? Surely I'm not so small that he didn't notice I was here."

And then another thought struck him.

"How about Lyght and those fellows that were supposed to have a meeting at four. Why didn't they come and see where I was?" And then, as the empty room gave him no answer, he muttered:

"Looks remarkably like a conspiracy. But I'll fix them!"

The first thing to be done was to get out of the building. His watch showed three minutes to eleven (six minutes slow).

"I wonder if they have missed me at home, and notified the police?" he murmured, as he turned the handle of the door. "What a sensation in to-morrow's papers! Local boy has disappeared. Probably kidnapped. Police are investigating. They haven't investigated very much so far, or I wouldn't be here."

The door refused to open. Taking out the only key he had with him, the key of his watch, he tried it in the keyhole with no result. A watch key is a poor instrument to open a patent lock with, anyway.

"Whew! This is awful," said Frank aloud. "I have missed two meals since four o'clock. It will take me a month to make that up." In desperation he seized the knob, and gave a mighty push. The door flew open, and he went head first into the corridor.

"I guess it wasn't locked after all," thought Frank. The corridor was in inky darkness, save for the beam of light that issued from the open doorway of the classroom. Not knowing where the switch was located he felt his way slowly along the wall to the left. A moment or so, and he stumbled over some object on the floor that sent him sprawling in a very undignified manner.

The shock was too much, and Frank hurriedly regained the lighted room, and opened one of the windows. The lights

were twinkling along Hunter Street, and on the two Avenues. They seemed to wink mockingly at him and say: "All's well with the night." A solitary pedestrian was proceeding along the north side of Hunter Street, and Frank, his heart inspired with hope, sent a loud cry for help out into the night air. The man didn't even look up.

"Hey!" called Frank, "I want to get out."

"The man, however, seemed to be more interested in getting in, and turned north on West Avenue, without once glancing at the Collegiate, or even in its direction.

In despair, Frank closed the window, and stood thinking for a moment.

"There is only one way to get out," he decided, "and that is downstairs. I'll have to chance it in the dark."

He started out into the corridor again, keeping this time to the right, and heading in the direction he thought the stairs to be. With each succeeding step, the lighted doorway behind him seemed to grow smaller, and the gloom in front to deepen. On, and on, he went for hours.

"I ought to be near the stairs now," thought Frank. He was. Down went his left foot, and his head came into contact with an unseen post. But even as he fell, his hands found the railing, and he hung there until he could regain his footing.

"Well, I found the stairs anyway," he said, rubbing his head vigorously. "Now I have to get down."

Slowly, and with infinite caution, he crept down those same stairs, which in daylight, he had so often trod with a light and joyous step: light, when he came in late; and joyous when he left every night at four.

To those readers who are inclined to doubt that there is as much difficulty in navigating the old familiar corridors after dark, as I have set forth, I just say to you, try it for yourself some time, and become convinced. To Frank, every object that was so familiar in daylight assumed a new outline under the mantle of darkness, and caused him many a start and thrill, as he descended, step by step.

The door leading to West Avenue would

not open, as he tried it. A cold chill went through him. What if all the doors would not open? Surely some of them had spring latches, that opened from the inside?

"Good night! It will be awful if any person gets to hear about this. I'd never hear the last of it!" he wailed, as he started for the other end of the hall. "But what on earth shall I say I've been doing since four o'clock?"

In an effort to get at the telephone, and thus phone for help, he tried the office door. It was locked.

"They evidently didn't expect that there would be visitors around twelve o'clock."

Farther down the hall, he barked his shins violently on a bench that was invisible in the dark. At the same instant, somewhere out in the night, sounded the metallic clang-a-lang-a-lang of a bell. These two circumstances caused him to pause for a moment.

"Sounds like an ambulance. If I wander around here much longer, I'll need one," rubbing his shins ruefully.

A moment or so, and he had safely reached the east end of the hall. Outside, on Victoria Avenue, a large black automobile was drawn up, its engine purring softly.

"Why, it's the Black Maria," whistled Frank in surprise. Two figures detached themselves from the car and approached the school. "And here come two policemen. I wonder what they want?"

The two officers came up the steps quickly; they paused for a moment at the door, and then it opened.

A moment before, and Frank's heart had rejoiced. But his joy cooled quickly. What if they should find him? What would they think? All these, and many other thoughts flashed through his mind, with the result that, just as the policemen stepped inside, Frank slipped silently into the side corridor.

"I'll slip out, as soon as they get in the school," he thought.

The officers paused for a moment, and switched on their flashlights.

"We'll go right through the building," said one. "He must be here yet."

A stray flash of light in his direction

caused Frank to squeeze himself out of sight behind a projection.

"It's me they want, all right," thought Frank. "I don't know why—and until I find out, I'll just keep out of sight."

The two policeman had by this time taken their way silently upstairs.

"Now's my chance," murmured Frank. He crept silently to the door. The patrol was still standing at the curb, but he could see no officers.

The door squeaked horribly as he opened it, and caused his heart to beat even more rapidly.

"My, things are coming to a bad point, when an honest citizen can't even walk around at night, without having the police on his trail. I don't see why——"

He stopped abruptly, as a hand fell on his shoulder, and a gruff voice said:

"Here, what's the meaning of this? What are you doing?"

Frank looked up to see a tall police sergeant grasping him by the shoulder, with his other hand on his baton.

The strain had been too much. For a moment everything whirled around his head dizzily, and then came blackness.

* * *

Frank regained consciousness to find himself being rudely shaken by the shoulder, and a voice demanding:

"Here, what's the meaning of this? Why aren't you at your work? Come on, get busy now!"

He looked up into the face of his teacher. "Why, why—I'll get right to work."

"Yes, you'd better," said his teacher. "You've been asleep for some time. Now don't let this happen again."

But Frank was happy. He did not hear. His only thought was: "Now I am safe. It was only a dream. Nobody will ever know."

But you and I, gentle reader, think differently. We know, and if we can find a moral in this story, it shall not have been told in vain. Here it is: Spring is here, with all its accompanying evils. Go to bed early every night, get eight hours' sleep. Then you will never run the chance of having an experience like the one I have just chronicled.

POETS' CORNER

A REQUEST

Give me a sweet secluded spot
 Away from the haunts of men,
 And there let me dream, in the sunlight's
 gleam,
 Of the coming of peace again.
 Give me some half-forgotten nook
 With violets for my bed,
 And I'll care not a thing for the throne
 of a king
 So long as the lark's o'erhead.
 Give me some quaint-perch'd eyrie
 High on the cliffs of Time,
 Whence the mad waves' rage of a speed
 curs'd age
 Is so far that it sounds sublime.
 Give me a place where I may feel
 Far away from the life that mars,
 That my soul may caress in their love-
 liness
 The sunset and the stars.

—Herbert E. Collins.

DAWN

From shadows deep I watch the Eastern
 sky,
 Fast-paling from the rays of hidden light;
 While in the air the flitting heraldry
 Proclaims the dawn though singing in the
 night.
 The lakes are turning lighter, turning blue,
 And soon rich crimson gems surmount
 each wave,
 The trees are taking shape, and each its
 hue,
 Losing the massed appearance moonlight
 gave.
 The stars that hung above us, shining pale,
 Are hidden by a greater light than theirs;
 And on the lake I see a pure white sail
 Slow-climbing up the crimson flights of
 stairs.

—George J. McNair.

THE SONG OF THE SEA

The waves are singing a song, to-night,
 And the winds catch up the rune,
 And wafted far o'er the shingly bar
 Comes the wild tune.
 I sit by my window high in the tower,
 On a cliff that o'erhangs the sea,

Whilst slow and long comes the rhythmic
 song

Of the waves to me.

Through the soft, sweet hour that follows
 the dusk

The surf keeps pounding in;
 And the swaying trees to the sighing
 breeze

Echo the din.

At the base of the bluffs the echoing caves
 The ceaseless sound repeat;

While dim cliffs gaze down at the foamy
 crown

Cast at their feet.

Screaming sea-birds wheel on tireless
 wings,—

Wide wings that kiss the deep;
 Or, tossing, rest on the crested breast

Of the sea, asleep.

Far down in the East the moon appears,
 And silvers the restless main
 With a path of beams, that leads, it seems,
 Straight back again.

Loud the song of the sea comes clanging
 in;

Every word sinks in my soul,
 And there I keep, I treasure them deep,
 Entire and whole.

For the waves are praising the men who
 sleep,

Who the vanguard of Freedom led;
 Who kept the sea for Democracy—

Our Sailor Dead!

And the swells wash in, and the swells
 sweep out,

And the slow tides ebb and flow
 O'er the bones that bleach on the lonely
 beach.

Or seaward go.

"These gave their lives in a cause that
 was just,

And they died without fear or care;
 But the sea will sing of a wondrous thing—

The Fame they bear!"

So, in dead of night, or in scorching noon,
 At gray dawn, or at sunset red,
 When you hear the dirge of the ceaseless
 surge,

Then—Remember England's Dead!

—Charles E. Lyght.

"PEACE DAY AND AFTER"

CLARENCE A. MORRELL

EARLY in the morning of November 11, 1918, the world was roused from slumber by the noise of countless whistles, the ringing of church bells, and the shouts of newsboys. As day came on the volume of sound increased, and early though it was, motors filled with laughing, shouting people were rushing cityward. On the sidewalks excited pedestrians dashed about, some of them clad in curious garbs, shouting to one another the glad tidings. "It is finished!" they cried; "the Hun is beaten! Oh, what a glorious day." This was "Der Tag," the long-toasted day of the German army and navy officers. All day long and far into the night the rejoicing went on. People did not stop to count the cost of their victory. That would come after this great wave of emotion had passed and left the world again sane to meet the new and no less important problems of peace. Four long years our highways had resounded to the swing of martial music and the tramp of marching men. Four long years the world had opened its eyes each morning to new casualty lists, new drives, defeats, triumphs and now—"Peace and the victory won!"

After the rejoicing came the quiet moments of retrospection, when one glanced back across the years and saw the desolate trail left by the Dogs of War. What was to be done with Germany, the nation of arch-criminals, who had blasted the peace of the world and wrecked a million homes, who had shed seas of innocent blood and lauded murder, rapine and bestiality; and now, thieves and liars that they were, whined their national "Kamerad?"

All of us want justice, but there seem to be a great many interpretations of the

word "justice." How is justice enforced in our own criminal courts? A man is caught in the crime of stealing. He is taken to the jail and there held for trial. If found guilty his plunder is restored to his victim and then the magistrate speaks of punishment. This is justice then, first reparation; then punishment. Germany has been tried before the world, and the jury of nations has brought in the verdict of "Guilty" to a charge of murder, theft and rapine. Then should she not be forced to bear the burden of the red ruin she has wrought? Germany should be made to pay every cent of the cost of the war, and then supply labour, material and money for the reconstruction of Belgium, Serbia and devastated France.

After all, Germany can never repay the world. What can she say or do to comfort the millions of broken mother-hearts? Nor can she repay us for the best blood of the nations that flowed so freely in the defence of humanity. It will take France a hundred years to recover. Germany itself is practically untouched. If left unburdened with indemnities and given the freedom of the world market which she enjoyed before the war, in forty years she would be flourishing as of yore. The vile, rank weed requires no cultivation, but it grows and spreads, and if not checked will eventually crowd out the useful plants. It is our duty to see that this Hun weed is prevented from doing any more damage. Let us boycott the Germans. Let us not trade with them. Let us not associate with them. Let them live apart with their sins, an outcast among the world of nations. Let us remember it was the German people as well as the military caste who desired the war, and

who fought it. No man or group of men could gain such command or authority over a nation of seventy million people unless that people were in a great measure willing to submit themselves and to carry out the orders of the militarists.

Then, too, let us never forget what our own country has done to make the world safe for democracy. We as Canadians have every reason to be proud of the glorious achievements of our boys "over there." Canada has armed, equipped and sent overseas an army of five hundred thousand of the best fighting men in the world, and nearly ninety per cent. of these were recruited under the volunteer system. She has earned her place among the leading nations of the world and it rests with the coming generations to retain her honour, which has been so gallantly upheld in the Great War. Sixty odd thousand crosses mark the resting places of sixty odd thousand Canadian patriots who lie in Flanders' Fields. O Canadian Mothers! are you proud of your sons, who fought and fell so bravely, or has the price of freedom been for you too dearly bought? Life is long, so long when the light of life is quenched forever, and human hearts grow lonely on that long road to the wicket gate through which loved ones have already passed.

It is an awful sacrifice to make, and it

must be the last. The battle flags of the nations are furled now and let them stay furled forever. Let us raise an everlasting memorial to our boys. Not a column of stone or a tablet of brass, for all these soon moulder with time and through the rolling years lose their meaning and sanctity, but rather let us go forth with strong resolve, reverencing their memory, determined to make the world a better world, and this Canada of ours a stronger, cleaner, purer Canada. Let our Christian lives be a shining monument to them, although they are long since dreamless dust we shall know that:

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old;

Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning,

We shall remember them.

As stars that shall be bright when we are dust,

Moving in marches along the heavenly plain;

As stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain."



HARRIS can make up "CLASSY" Class Pins, unequalled anywhere.
At Number EIGHTY-EIGHT on North James Street.



The Girls' Corner



GOLDIE ROBINSON, Editor

Entrenched behind our hearts,
Bold Cupid in command,
We bid mere men defiance—
For this is No Man's Land!

The first gay robin is heard, the first tiny bud is seen, the first warm wind is felt—and it is Spring! O Joyous time, when all the world is filled with bird song and laughing brook. Even the word Spring seems to be an intermingling of golden days and yellow fields and sunny skies. All Life responds to the challenge, and Love and Happiness are sovereign powers. It inspires us, envelopes us, enthral's us. It makes us desirous of bettering ourselves, of seeing the world with brighter, clearer eyes; new life ebbs through our veins and we long for Perfection—Perfection with a capital "P."

Naturally, we pupils and students always associate Spring with exams, those great and lofty barriers over which we must climb in order to attain to Olympian Heights and the realization of our dreams and ideals. They may be hard, but just think how elated we shall feel when after a long and wearisome struggle for ten whole months we come out victorious, flushed with Conquest, from the Field of Learning. How exuberant when we receive that precious paper—our diploma! We have ascended another step in the Hill of Life, another rung in the Ladder of Success. Not satisfied to bask in past glories, but spurred on by our former successes, we feel ready to mount higher

and higher to proceed like the unconquerable Columbus, "ever on—and on—and on," and "to follow knowledge like a sinking star." May success be ours.

Great was the disappointment felt when the Fates decided that there was not to be the usual Collegiate play this year. This was due to the loss of time that we have suffered on account of the prevalence of the "Flu" last Autumn. We must make amends for it, so next year will see a play better than any other hitherto seen within the walls of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. That no repetition of such (or other) epidemic may interfere with our plans, we sincerely trust.

No Farmerettes this year, Girls. Too bad—you did look so nice in your costumes! And of course you accomplished miracles. The number of pupils boasting farm certificates proves this beyond a doubt. Hurrah for the Hamilton Collegiate! Who can beat her girls at Farming?

Our Alumni Ball marked an epoch in the Life History of the School and March 7th will always be a very distinctive date in our memories. We shall not go in detail here as there is a whole page especially reserved for it. Those who were among the absent, and who on that page, will realize just how much fun they did miss. We are hoping for another one soon!

The Happiest Easter to Everyone!



MILITARY MATTERS

GEORGE ALLAN, Editor.

"Company will march past by the right: quick march!"

Here they come, the H. C. I. Cadets, swinging along in martial step—the worthy successors of those many who, after marching past at that command on our campus, became, in the great "march past" of the world, the pride of Britain and the awe of her enemies.

Spring, 1919, promises to bring forth the largest cadet corps in many years. Already one hundred and twenty have signed the rolls, and, if many more turn out, we shall have to buy, borrow or steal some new uniforms. Maybe some of those "soldier brothers" whose "civies" disappeared in their absence will wake up some morning to find their uniforms gone the same road.

On account of this large enrolment, two companies are being organized. To maintain these two companies it is essential that all cadets turn out to every parade. It is to be lamented that they have not been doing this in the past, but there is every reason to believe that the attendance in the future will be much better.

One of the reasons for believing this is, that at last, after much promising, the Militia Department has issued our rifles.

We have only sixty at present, but forty more are on their way. The uniforms have been given out and we expect to call a uniform parade soon.

For the first time in three years, a Signal Corps has been organized, with C. Campbell as Sergeant and Francis as Corporal. Up to date about eight have signed up for this work, but we need about four more experienced signallers. Another thing that has been revived this year is Physical Drill as a Company. Mr. Gordon, who has done much to make the cadet corps a success is going to give instruction on this work in "gym" classes, and then, towards the end of the season, the corps will practise it as a company.

The officers of A. Company are:

Captain—G. Allan.

Senior Lieut.—K. Waldron.

Junior Lieut.—R. Horn.

Sergeant-Major—Wilson.

Sergeants—Davis, Laidman and Knapman.

Every one of these officers can be expected to give a good account of himself, and, if every cadet does his part, we can say without boasting that the name "Hamilton Collegiate Institute" will not be far from the top of the list representing the standing of Ontario corps.



STAFF H. C. I. CADET CORPS, 1918-19

Lieut. R. Horn
 Hon. Capt. R. A. Thompson, B.A., LL.D.
 Sergt. I. Laidman

Sergt. G. Davis

Sig. Sergt. C. Campbell
 Lieut. J. I. Gordon, B. A., Instructor

Sergt. Knapman
 Capt. G. Allan

Lieut. K. Waldron

A VISIT TO THE AMBITIOUS CITY IN 1930.

By CHRIS. A. BARRETT

ONE day, when business was quiet, I leaned back in my office chair and let my mind wander back ten or eleven years to my school days. What great changes had taken place since then!

Here I was general manager of one of the largest steel plants in America. I wondered what some of my old school acquaintances were doing.

Gradually a great longing to see Hamilton and the old H. C. I. gripped me. I would take a couple of weeks, and visit my old home town. I at once placed my assistant, Samuel Kennedy, a very capable young man, in full charge, and went home to pack my valize.

The following day, I arrived at Hamilton's new Union Station on King William Street. I left my valise in the check-room, and started towards the great doors, when I saw a sign which said, "Free Lunch to Passengers who have travelled over one hundred miles." This was certainly an improvement on former methods. When I came out upon the steps I stopped in astonishment. What was this beautiful circle of trees and flowers, with the magnificent boulevard leading from it to the mountain? I asked a boy who was standing near me. "That's the new memorial park to the boys who were killed in the Great War," said he. After thanking the boy, I stood for some minutes lost in admiration of this magnificent picture.

I bought an evening paper to see if I could find anything of interest to myself in it. A big headline announced the fact that the most puzzling case that had ever come before Judge Waldron, had just been cleared up by William McClellmont, K.C., one of the most brilliant lawyers in southern Ontario. This must be the old Lyceum president, surely.

I decided that I would follow this avenue of beauty to the mountain and once more

look out over the city to the Burlington Heights. As I slowly made my way southward, I was struck with the freshness and brightness of everything. The buildings on either side were new and cheerful in appearance. Happiness and prosperity appeared to reign everywhere. I at last came to the foot of the escarpment, from where a flight of broad, stone steps led up to a high, stone arch, near the top. Halfway up, the steps bridged a paved roadway which led up to the top of the mountain. On passing through the arch, I found myself in a large, open arena, which would seat probably thirty or thirty-five thousand people. It was a wonderful structure, to say the least. I turned and looked over the houses to the Bay, where a great number of boats were moving quickly to and fro. This was far different to the quiet-looking body of water I had left eight years before. Miles of wharves stretched along the water front, and large lake steamers were continually entering or leaving the docks.

As I was gazing towards the lake, two small specks appeared in the sky, and approached very rapidly. Although they were coming at a terrific speed, I heard no noise, which made me wonder. A young lad who was standing near me, seemed to read my thoughts, for he said: "Those are two monoplanes which have just been built; they are equipped with the Livingston Silent Motor. And that garage they are just landing on is where they belong." "Who owns them and this wonderful garage?" I asked. "Livingston Brothers. The Silent Motor was invented by Albert Livingston." Here was the assistant business manager of the "Vox" for 1919.

To the east I saw a familiar looking clock-tower rising from amongst the houses. I must go and see the dear old Coll. once again.

In a few minutes I arrived there, and went at once to the office to see if I could find anyone I knew. Sure enough, there was Doctor Thompson sitting at his desk. He welcomed me back to the school very cordially. As it was Friday afternoon, I resolved to go to the Lyceum. Although I did not see a familiar face apart from some of the teachers, there was the same old interest and "pep" in the meeting. Great was my surprise when the President announced the speaker. It was Mr. D. A. Robinson, the great organizer of fraternal societies. I almost imagined myself in one of the old meetings of long ago, and wanted to call out "go it Dave."

When I left the school, I went to a hotel and was assigned a room. This hotel had a garage for both dirigibles and planes. The paintings and fancy decorations of the hotel were the workmanship of James Nairn, the famous artist of undoubted ability. He was now in Rome, redecorating the dome of St. Peter's. Opposite the hotel was a Violin School, under the leadership of Professor Elliot Mill. This accomplished musician had thrilled large audiences in all parts of the world with his brilliant playing.

The next morning, I decided to visit some of the more modern factories of the city. The first place I went to was the new Ewing Bakery, owned and operated by Mr. Murray Ewing. He had invented many new devices for handling the bread without its touching the hands. Now he had only six employees in the factory, but an office staff of ninety. From the time the flour was put into the hopper, till the loaves came out of the cooling room, the food never came in contact with the hands.

I now went to Livingston Brothers' great garage. They were reputed to have the largest aviation equipment in America, and had a repairing staff of one hundred and twenty five airplane experts. They also built trans-Atlantic airships, and supplied the Canadian Government with their Silent Motors.

The next place I visited was the Albert Gies Chemical Company. It was one of the largest chemical plants in the British Empire. The owner had made himself famous by discovering a way to utilize the

Ferrous sulphate that had formerly been thrown away. The old short-hand champion of Room One had certainly made use of his H. C. I. training.

On returning to my hotel I saw by the paper that Senator H. Boyde was to deliver an address on "The Social Evils and Menace of Horses Within Two Miles of the City Hall." I resolved to hear it at all costs, for having heard the worthy Senator so often at the Lyceum, I knew it would be a great privilege to hear him again. The tickets were only two dollars and a half apiece, comparatively nothing to the value of the words of the learned speaker.

Soon my eyes rested on another item of interest. While fishing under Chedoke Falls, Ernest Linger, the diamond ring specialist, had discovered a bed of coal. He had at once formed a company, and sold stock at 115 at the start. Ernie was on the job that time, all right.

To pass away the time, I bought a comic paper. Great was my surprise when I found that it was edited by Sir Francis Smye, a large man in every sense of the word. From what I could see in his paper he had profited by the experience he received as Joke Editor of the "Vox."

In Loew's new three million dollar theatre, "Mysto" Gray, successor to the great Thurston, was billed to perform the next week. His ability far exceeded that of his predecessor. Jackie Roberts was still assisting (?) him.

Charles Newberry, B.A., teacher of elocution at the Normal School, was to give a series of illustrated talks on Africa. Most of these views he had photographed himself, while travelling in the wilds of the Dark Continent.

As I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel thinking, a copy of the Review was handed to me. "Bob" Ogilvy, the editor, gave these papers away free (probably it was the only way he could get rid of them). On looking through the ads., one caught my eye: "Come and have your picture taken while you wait. Results guaranteed. Ping-pongs or life-sized. Powell Studio, Bank of Dundas Building." Another said: "Do you like pretty hands? Come and have your nails manicured at Trevor

Thompson's Manicuring Parlour. Money refunded if not satisfactory." I wondered if he wore a boiled shirt and full dress suit while at work.

It was no wonder that Hamilton had progressed. With such citizens, it couldn't help itself, because they were all ex-collegiate fellows. Proud was I that I, too, was once a pupil at that fine old place of learning.

In an editorial, my eye happened to light on a paragraph which said: The Hospital Board has made a new position, namely: Hospital Switch-board Inspector. Mr. C. E. Lyght has been chosen for this

position, as he is not only a man of integrity and business ability, but he has also had much experience along these lines. The Board is confident that he can look after the work, and it puts implicit trust in him. The lady operators are also greatly overjoyed."

"I will never regret having taken this trip to the Ambitious City. I said to myself, as I leaned back in my chair at the Senator's lecture, "for it has shown me what the best school in the country can produce. May I always be able to remember my old school days, and the value that studying at the old H. C. I. has been to me."

CAYENNE COLUMN

By O. Watt, M.S.

"Cobe" Campbell—Fair one, Ernestine Chadwick would like to know if you employ chlorine as a bleaching agent for your hair. And is that LePage's perfume you use?

Mary Burns—Certainly, Mary, you may place absolute confidence in anything you hear regarding Bill Brennan's feelings toward you. Why, he thinks you are just—oh, you know!

Ilma Beamer—Who is this George person who is causing you to lose so much of your beauty sleep? Someone mentioned Geo. Metry. Is that correct?

Elliott Mill—Dear Elliott, we were pained to learn that the day after having attended the dance with you, Elspeth contracted the "flu." Still, we heard that those corridors were rather draughty.

Ethel Morden—Why yes, the berry season will soon be here. But you shouldn't be impatient—you have been able to enjoy Newberry's all winter.

Clarence Morrell—Regarding your excited query: "Do I look like a horse?"—rest at peace. Your ears, Allison, are far too long.

Mary Ford—My dear Mary, all you needed to complete that Hawaiian effect in the "Vox" picture was a ukulele and a Hawaiian overcoat.

Tennyson Lyght—Dear Everard, your illuminating powers were wonderful before, but now with a pair of lamps on

your map, you need dimmers. Was it poetry or Loew's that made them necessary?

Mary Morton—Regarding the rumour that you are leaving school because your age and experience is such that you no longer like to mingle with youngsters—is this true?

Bob Ogilvy—Can it be a fact that, after having spent four long and blissful hours with Thelma, you went up to Klein and Binkley's to Pickering?

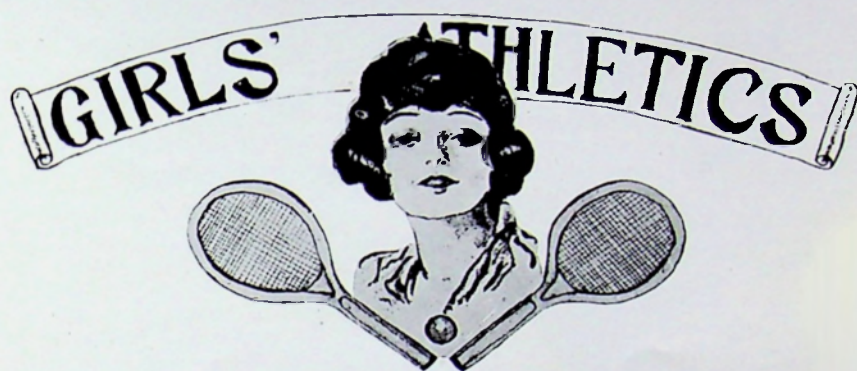
Rita Simpson—Who was the chap with whom you were sitting in the Brantford car last Friday? We rather admire that Fatty Arbuckle type of beauty ourselves.

"Chuck" McIrvine—How is it, Charlie, that your affection for a certain charming young lady so often Waines?

Frank McKelvey—Yes, Frank, it was undoubtedly embarrassing to forget your tickets for the Ball. However, since Ethel Taylor had the necessary \$1.50 it ended happily.

Harry Wright—Although we will admit that those little negro girls in Florida are quite charming, you should not, dear boy, forget your old friend Miss Bonny.

Harold Burrows—Your cartoons are undoubtedly very clever. We have never seen anything like them before. Why, you even have Yank Myers playing without using the pedal. Some feet—we mean feat.



MARGARET McCULLOCH, Editor.

BASKET BALL

With Kathleen Hamilton, Margaret McCulloch, Marion Walker and Mabel Forbes as Captains of Teams I, II, III and IV, the members of the Association have been playing a series of games in which Team IV stands first, with a record of six games out of six.

On Tuesday, November 19th the first game of the series was played, in which Team II defeated Team I with the score 24-14. Team IV beat Team III on November 21st, the score being 20-10.

After the long rest at Christmas time the girls came back with renewed vigour, and on Tuesday, January 7th a tie was played between Team I and Team III, the score being 10-10. Team II and Team IV, both of which had won their former games, met, and Team IV proved its superiority by carrying off the honours with a score of 20-10.

The Wanderers, a plucky team composed of second form girls, challenged the Athletic girls and on January 15th a game was played. The Wanderers worked nobly but were handicapped in fighting older girls. In the first half they hung together well, but in the second half they lost their combination and when time was called the score was 28-0 in favour of the Athletic team.

On January 27th Team I played Team IV, but was rather badly beaten, as the score 27-9 would indicate. Team III and

Team II had a good game on Feb. 10th. This game was well fought and the score was 18-12 in favour of Team II. On February 12th Team III played Team IV, the result was 14-7 favouring Team IV.

Team II overcame Team I on February 17th to the tune of 22-6. Another one-sided game was fought on February 9th, when Team I beat Team III, the score being 28-8. On February 25th a very closely-fought and exciting game was played between Team IV and Team I. Team I stuck close to Team IV, but in the end had to admit defeat, the score being 28-25. On March 6th, when Team I was defeated by Team II the score was 10-15. The last game of the Athletic series was fought out between Team II and Team IV, and resulted in a victory for Team IV, the score being 20-9.

On March 12th, a furious game between Room 2 and Room 7 was expected, but the large crowd was somewhat disappointed, as a number of Room 7's players were unable to be present; and, as a result, the game was a walk-over for Room 2, the score being 27-0.

EXHIBITION.

On Monday, March 17th, the girls gave the annual athletic exhibition, which was a glorious success. The relap race, the chariot race, and the basketball games were all heartily enjoyed. The girls did ample justice to the feed that followed.

EXCHANGES



BERNICE BALFOUR, Editor.

A Fitting Time for Terms:

On earth Peace and Goodwill toward men: Peace without Goodwill is an empty term, combined, perfection. Let us all hope for—Peace and Goodwill—its consummation.

A very successful year is evidenced by the prosperity of all the school magazines. Our exchanges are too numerous to criticize extensively. It would be impossible to give each one the space necessary to do it justice. On the whole, all of them are very creditable. The "Vox" is sent to many schools who have not sent us their magazines in return, and we would be very pleased to hear from them sometime in the near future. The following is a list of magazines we have received this term. We welcome them with many thanks:

"St. Andrew's College Review," Toronto, Ont.

"Upper Canada College Review," Toronto, Ont.

"Vox Collegiensis," St. Catharines, Ont.

"The World," St. Paul, Minnesota.

"Ah La Ha Sa" (3 copies), Albert Lee.

"The O. A. C. Review" (2 copies), Guelph, Ont.

"The Record" (2 copies), Sioux City, Iowa.

"Maroon and White," Altoona.

"The Thistle" (2 copies), Toledo, Ohio.

"Palmetto and Pine," St. Petersburg, Florida.

"Lake Lodge Record," Grimsby, Ont.

"Rayen Record," Youngstown, Ohio.

"The Recorder," Syracuse, N.Y.

"The Dart," Ashtabula, Ohio.

"Vox Collegii," Whitby, Ont.

"Western College Review," London, Ont.

"The Sentinel" (3 copies), Los Angeles, California.

"Acta Ridleiana," Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

"Acadia Athenaeum," Wolfville, N.S.

"The Record," Wheeling, W. Va.

"Voo Doo," Massachusetts.

As We See Others

"Acta Ridleiana"—Glad to welcome our new exchange. We enjoyed your magazine greatly. Come again.

"The Thistle"—We like your interesting magazine from cover to cover, especially "Tattling Tillie." Shows a splendid school spirit.

"The World"—A splendid cover, and interesting literary department, the numerous snap-shots and your smart cuts all tend to make your attractive magazine what it is.

"Ah La Ha Sa"—A fine monthly magazine, but we think a few cartoons, cuts or school pictures would enliven it.

"Vox Collegii"—We were glad to welcome you again to our Exchange Bureau. We enjoyed the Collegii immensely.

"Vox Collegiensis"—"Great." Every department splendidly edited. Your magazine afforded us much pleasure. We might suggest an exchange page, though, as we find ours quite interesting and helpful.

"Maroon and White"—One of our best small papers. Why not have an index?

As Others See Us

"Vox Lycei"—One of our best exchanges, "Vox Lycei," hails from Hamilton, Canada, and is issued by students of Collegiate Institute. Your illustrated headings really suggest. Your editorials have not the hackneyed phraseology which we see in so many school papers. We wish to congratulate Col. John McRae for his splendid poem, "In Flanders' Field." You still devote more space to "real" jokes, though, than most papers, thereby showing real "how to get the public," ability. "Bully," is what we say.—"The Thistle," Toledo.

"Vox Lycei"—We were delighted to receive our new exchange from Canada. Your magazine is certainly splendid. Please accept the last number of "The Record," in exchange and may we have some more?—"Record," Sioux City, Iowa.

"Vox Lycei" Christmas Number—This paper is most welcome to our school. It is very well edited and complete in every department. "Good list of Personals." They are great. Come again.—"The Dart," Ashtabula, Ohio.

"Vox Lycei"—Largest paper we receive; lots of everything in it; perhaps from a disinterested reader's point of view, a superabundance of ads.—"Rayen Record."

"Vox Lycei"—We notice that the Vox Lycei has a staff of sixteen members, assisted by twelve reporters. They ought to make a big interesting paper, and they do. The last number was called Victory Number, and was dedicated to General Foch. It contains a long roll of honour and a list of men "gone west," besides stories, editorials, poems, etc. We notice the large number of pages devoted to jokes and the ads show a hustling business manager.—"Sentinel," Harvard Military School.

"Vox Lycei"—Greetings.—"Recorder," Syracuse, N.Y.

"Vox Lycei"—The Vox Lycei from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, is a splendidly edited magazine and has some very good headings in it, also some good caricatures of different members of the staff and student body.—"Vox Collegii," Whitby.

"Vox Lycei"—Let us thank you for the copy of your enjoyable paper. We are sorry to say that the "Keramos" will not be exchanged this year, but hope to be able to return your favor next year. Extending best wishes, we remain—"The Keramos," East Liverpool.

"Vox Lycei"—Hamilton Collegiate Institute has produced a very bright and readable magazine. Your press work would delight an Editor's heart. We are pleased to see your Honour Roll such a prominent feature. The issue contains many interesting cuts and clever cartoons. The spirit of the Institute fairly beams forth from every page. The Victory issue is a credit to editors and school alike as a record of school activities, but the absence of anything of greater pretensions prevents us from saying more—"Acadia Athenaeum."

A HARRIS RING is a Ring of WORTH. From \$1 to \$500.
B. HARRIS, "The Gift Store," 88 JAMES STREET NORTH.



H. C. I. ORCHESTRA, EASTER, 1919

W. Clark, B.A.	D. Boyde	H. Dougall	A. M. Sheppard, B.A.
H. Minden	Miss Rymal	L. Thompson	Miss N. Whelan
		H. E. Collins, B.A.	E. Bartmann
		L. Duff	Miss P. McKay



BEATRICE R. BLANDFORD, Editor

September, 1918, with the return to school, the opening of classes and the exchanging of greetings seems but a very short time ago, and here shy Spring peeps around the corner at us, bringing added joys to life, but also the Easter examinations, and soon the finals. Certainly "tempus fugit" and before long many of us will be saying farewell forever to the old H. C. I. But here let us wish a joyous Easter to everyone, students and ex-students alike. All kinds of luck to those trying their finals this summer, and we are sure that many of them will soon be well on the way to success in other lines.

The Hamilton Collegiate Institute may well be proud of its Honour Roll, which year after year has been increasing, and which was fairly complete in the last issue of the "Vox." However, although it was not printed this time, we are none the less proud of every one of "the boys" who went over, and we are indeed glad to welcome them home. Nevertheless, we do not forget those who have made the supreme sacrifice, and we wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the ones bereaved.

The Alumni Ball was held on March 7th, the first since nineteen hundred and fourteen. The ballroom was beautifully decorated with the flags of the Allies, and the lights were shaded with red and black, the school colours. Lomas' Orchestra furnished

the music; punch was served at both doors and the affair was truly a brilliant success. A large number of "old boys and girls" were present, and "a substantial sum was raised" for the War Memorial. We sincerely hope that many more such evenings may be held in the near future.

We are glad to have Mr. McGarvin back again on the teaching staff. He left for overseas service in '16, and our only regret now is, that his time cannot be spread over more of the classes. We also welcome back Mr. Edwards.

Among the members of ex-students who have returned home are Lieut. J. Dunn, Sergt. G. M. Pierie, Sergt. A. McKenzie, Pte. H. T. Poag, Seaman L. F. Waldron, Lieut. D. Tyrrell, Lieut. H. Yeates (Royal Navy), Lieut. A. McFarlane, M.C., Ft. Lieut. N. MacGregor and Lieut. Harry Hazell. All of these were popular at the H. C. I. not so long ago, and all prominent in athletics. We welcome them back, and hope to often see them at Collegiate functions.

A number of students who left school to fill the ranks and are again seen around the halls are Ralph Biggar, Melvin Kelly, Wilbur Kent, Roy Henry, "Chuck" Newberry, Trevor Thompson and Nelson Ward.

Miss Janet McKenzie is training at Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

Miss Jean Leckenby returned to Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, this year. We wish her success in her examinations.

Sydney Lees is farming near Oakville.

Among those banking are: Misses Winnifred Sherk, Joan Nelson, Marion Crawford, Lorne Hazell, Marjorie McNair and J. Y. Bews.

One of the most popular boys and an all-round athlete of the school was "Stew" Glen. He is now in the office of the Steel Company of Canada.

Another popular boy of the H. C. I., ex-president of Lyceum and well known in every sport was Bert Hall. He has returned from England and is awaiting discharge in Toronto.

Miss Vera Hogarth was unable to continue her course at Victoria College, owing to illness, but we hope that she may continue her studies there next term.

Misses Dorothy Malcolm, Isabel Cruikshanks and Shirley Clapham are attending Normal School and Alice Johnson, Grace Bailey and Rita Ford are now at Business College.

Harold Duff, who returned from the Front, February '18, is studying forestry at Toronto University.

Miss Marorie Hewish, ex-Editor-in-chief of the "Vox," is teaching at Adelaide Hoodless School. Misses Della McCallum and Alice Cassels are also teaching.

The marriage took place on December 29th, 1918, of Ralph McKay to Miss Ottilie Birge. Ralph was well known around the H. C. I., and we certainly hope his barque sails the matrimonial sea in happiness.

Miss Vera Blandford is in her last year at Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.

Miss Hope Bowman is in the Pathological Laboratory of the City Hospital.

"Les." Gay and Vert Raynor have returned from overseas and are studying at Toronto University, and Alex. Fairfield is at Victoria College, taking Arts.

On account of illness Miss Gertrude Cline was unable to continue her training at Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

A number of our ex-students are studying pharmacy. Miss Ruth Griffin is serving her apprenticeship at her father's pharmacy. Norman Laing is at Dunnigan's. W. Crerar is at Wood's Pharmacy and Miss Coral Brayley is at Mill's.

Harold Hollinrake, ex-president of the Lyceum, is attending St. Albert's College, Belleville, and A. Holmes is at Ann Arbor, studying mechanical engineering.

Clarence Clark Meyers is selling aluminum ware.

Tom Chilcott has the position of chartered accountant in Toronto.

Cecil Shaver is farming and Pat. Mountain is in the Jolley Garage.

Miss Muriel Goff is teaching music in Forsythe Academy.

H. McAndrew and — Brewer are at Victoria College.

John A. M. Galilee, a graduate of 1914, is now on the staff of Upper Canada College at the Preparatory School.

Lester Turnbull is in his second year, Toronto University.

W. C. Webb is now registered in Arts at University College, after having taught a year in Binbrook.

The dance at the I. O. O. F. Temple on April twenty-first is in aid of French orphans. Make it a success.

For Original Designs and Unique Conceptions in Class Pins HARRIS is Unequalled.
We're at 88 NORTH JAMES STREET.



Punch Bowl



By Itsa F. Wright.

Jack Turnbull:

"He had a face like a benediction."

Trevor Thompson:

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Mildred Thomas and Bee Blandford:

"Love me little, love me long."

Frank Smye:

"Let me have men about me that are fat."

Pearl Goodale:

"A pearl of great price."

Everybody (in chorus):

"Throw physics to the dogs."

"I'll none of it!"

George McNair:

"He wrote poems and relieved himself very much."

Ethel Morden:

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

Elliott Mill:

"One may smile and smile, and yet be a villain."

Alumni Ball:

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

Bernice Balfour:

"I do wander everywhere."

Bill McClemon (at Lyceum):

"Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?"

Jimmie Nairn:

"You see how simple and how fond I am."

Mr. Price:

"His ivory forehead

Like a broad table did itself dispread."

Mabel Forbes:

"I would I were a milkmaid."

Mr. Morris:

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

Athletic Association:

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;

The sports of children satisfy the child."

Miss Turner:

"In sooth I know not why I am so sad."

Jimmy Myers (Yanko):

"His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long."

Mary Morton:

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow."

Charlie McIrvine:

"I now can see with better eyes."

Mr. Simpson:

"O sleep! It is a gentle thing."

"Busty" Newberry:

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Jennie Wilson:

"I love, and he loves me again,

Yet dare I not tell who."

(We all know, anyway.)

Mr. Turner:

"Then from a rusted iron hook

A bunch of ponderous keys he took."

Any girl:

"Mislike me not for my complexion."

Robert Butter:

"A simple village green."

Douglas Boyde:

"Aha! There's mischief in this man."

Mr. Devitt:

"Thou art long, and lank, and brown."

Ernest Jolly:

"He doth nothing but frown."



THE LYCEUM



H. A. BOYDE, Editor

Although no general election was held for the spring term, several important changes were made in the Executive, which is now made up as follows:

Honorary President—Dr. R. A. Thompson, B.A., LL.D.

President—W. P. McClellmont.

1st Vice—Miss Ethel Morden.

2nd Vice—H. S. Smith.

3rd Vice—Miss B. Balfour.

Secretary—D. A. Robinson.

Treasurer—James Kerr (Archdale Wilson).

Girls' Committee—Heather MacDonald, Isabell Moncur, Mary Morton and Goldie Robinson.

Artist—James Nairn.

Counsellors—Edward Morrison, B.A., Walter K. Foucar, M.A.

At the beginning of the year, K. S. Waldron, who had presided successfully for the fall term, felt compelled to resign owing to the pressure of other work. An excellent successor was found in W. P. McClellmont, who proved as energetic and enthusiastic as his popular predecessor. It was chiefly through the efforts of the new president, backed up by Dr. Thompson, that the Board gave the Lyceum the use of the Assembly Hall for the Alumni Ball.

In the absence of James Kerr, Archdale Wilson discharged the duties of Treasurer in a very efficient and satisfactory way.

An innovation was made in appointing James Nairn to the position of Artist, and his numerous posters and signs throughout the halls helped bring larger crowds to the meetings, which never failed

to pack the big hall on the third floor.

The first thing decided by the Spring Executive was that, owing to the epidemic which had played havoc with almost everything—and everyone—around the school, the play would have to be abandoned. It was decided to hold an Alumni Ball in its place. The President and Executive put all their energy into the ball, which was an overwhelming success.

The headliner for the Spring term was an original playlet, "It Pays to Advertise," put on by the Girls' Beauty Chorus. More than one fellow has skipped school and bankrupted himself for a week to see an act a good deal worse than "It Pays to Advertise." Mr. Morrison, our genial Counsellor, said that the girls in it were the best looking posters he had ever seen, in Hamilton anyway.

A hotly contested debate was held on the subject: "Resolved, That Motion Pictures are a Menace," and although H. Brennen and K. Waldron harrowed their hearers with a gloomy account of the evil done by "Wild Bill" Hart and "Fatty" Arbuckle, the negative, upheld by Mary Morton and Bernice Balfour, successfully defended the "movies" and was awarded the decision.

A feature of the meetings was the speeches made by members of the "Vox" Staff. R. F. Ogilvy and C. E. Lyght, of the Editorial Staff and Trevor J. McKay Thompson (who, though carried up in a stretcher still made a rousing speech), and Albert Livingston for the Business Staff, addressed the meetings, outlining their plans and arousing enthusiasm for the Easter classic.

WISE AND
OTHERWISE.



MILORED MISENER.



A.C. MORRELL.



VIRA HATCHETT.



JIM NAIRN.



W. MCCLEMENT.



MADLINE WOODWARD.



B.L. SIMPSON, M.A.



ED POWELL.



FRANK H. SMYE, Editor.

A small boy called Ogilvy startled his Sunday School teacher by announcing what he considered a piece of news.

"The devil is dead," he stated.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the teacher, "where did you hear that?"

"My father said so," declared the lad. "Yesterday we were walking along the street and a funeral went by, and my father said: 'Poor devil, he's dead at last.'"

V

When the donkey saw the zebra he began to switch his tail. "Well I never," was his comment, "here's a mule that's been in jail."

V

Suitable Shoes

For a pianist—short vamps.

For an atheist—half-soled.

For inventors—patent leather.

For children—dressed kid.

For busybodies—pumps.

V

The good die young. This may be true
Regarding folks;

But the editor would like to say
It isn't true of jokes.

V

Mr. Turner—"It tastes like soda."

Mrs. Turner—"That's what I told the cook. She declares it's rat poison. Taste it again to make sure."

At Alumni Ball

The Man—"Is Mary here?"

The Girl—"No."

The Man—"Why, didn't she have a dress?"

The Girl—"No, it was Lent."

The Man—"Gee! I didn't know girls loaned their clothes."

V

McKelvey—"Jim Nairn does draw well, he can change a laughing face into a sad one with a single stroke."

Hale—(Thoughtfully). "Mr. Beck can do that too."

V

"Your Majesty," said the chief cook to the cannibal chief, "the new missionary is clothed in a complete suit of armour."

"Send him away then, roared the chief. "I never could bear canned goods."

V

Lady (irately)—"I don't like these photographs of the family a bit. My husband does look a perfect monkey!"

Photographer (as politely as possible)—"Well, madam, you should have thought of that before you had them taken."

V

Army Officer to Recruit—"Have you seen service?"

Ex. H. C. I. Student—"No, but I've read his poems."

"There were two actresses in an early play of mine," said an author, "both were very beautiful, but the leading actress was thin. She quarrelled one day at rehearsal with the other lady, and she ended the quarrel by saying haughtily: 'Remember, please, that I am the star.'"

"Yes, I know you're the star," the other retorted, eyeing with an amused smile the leading actress's long, slim figure, "but you'd look better, my dear, if you were a little meteor."

V

Jones—"I know now that my wife lied to me before we were engaged."

Brown—"What do you mean?"

Jones—"When I asked her to marry me she said she was agreeable."

V

(Ernie Linger in Toy Shop).

Clerk—"Now see here, little boy, 'I can't spend the whole day showing you penny tops. Do you want the earth with a little red fence around it for one cent?"

Ernie Linger—"Let me see it."

V

Driver O'Flannigan to his horse, which refuses to get up after falling:

"Well, of all the lazy spalpeens. Get up or oi'll drive right over yez."

V

Mr. Morrison—"Most streets have been named after wealthy people."

Miss Goff—"Mr. Morrison, who was Walnut Street named after?"

V

Soldier (who lost his leg in the war)—
"Well, there is one advantage in having a wooden leg."

Young Man—"What is it?"

Soldier—"You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."

First Little Boy—"How'dja like to go to heaven and wear a golden crown?"

Second Boy—"Nuthin' doin' if the dentist has to put it on."

V

"My good man," said the kind lady, "did you ever take a bath?"

Tramp—"No, mum, I never took anything bigger'n a silver teapot."

V

Bee Blandford—"Mary, dear, is your dentist a careful dentist?"

Mary Morton—"Sure, he filled my teeth with great pains."

V

At Lyric

B. Blandford—"Where are Heather and Mary sitting?"

Ethel Morden—"They are in L."

B. B.—"Oh! 'orrors."

V

One winter's day a very bow-legged tramp called at a house to warm himself at the kitchen stove. The little boy of the house looked at him carefully and said: "Say, mister, you'd better stand back, you're warping."

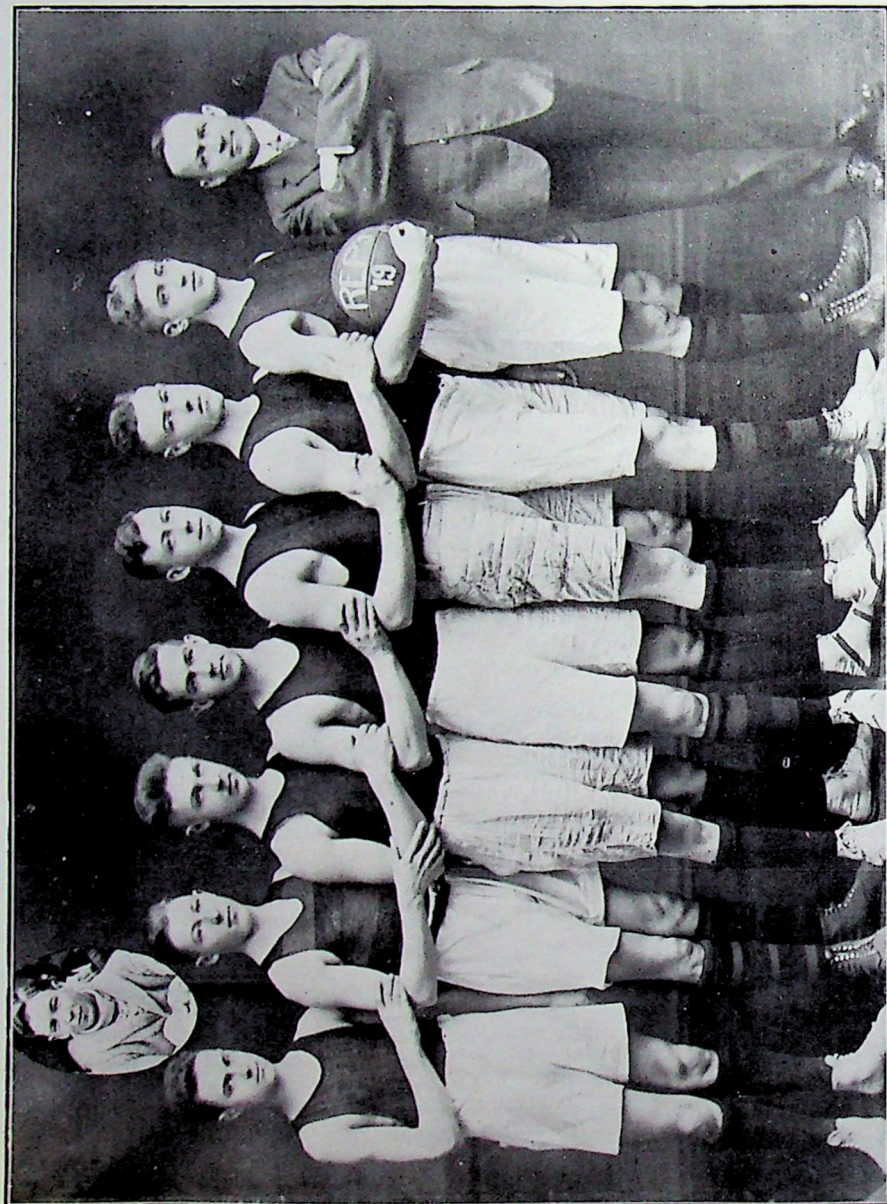
V

"Is this the Adam's House?" asked a gentleman of a Bostonian.

"Yes," was the answer. "It's Adam's House till you get to the roof, and then it's eaves."

V

"Mary, I shall take one of the children to church with me this morning," announced Mrs. Fashioncraft. "Which one do you think will go best with my lavender gown?"



H. C. I. SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

J. Laidman, Forward	D. McAllister, Centre	F. Newberry, Defence	K. Waldron, Defence	N. Philpott, Forward	H. Hannon, Defence	L. Smith (Captain), Forward	W. K. Foucar, Manager
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C. H. DREW, Editor.

BASKETBALL

Immediately after the Christmas Holidays the Athletic Association met and formed a Basketball League for the school. Many names were listed of players anxious to take part. Six captains were chosen: L. Smith, W. Philpott, H. Duff, H. Hannon, R. Wilson and C. H. Drew. Each team was numbered. Teams 1, 2, 3, respectively, played in Section I on Tuesdays. Teams 4, 5 and 6 played in Section II on Thursdays. The league produced some good games. Near the end of February the section winners were decided. Team 1, under Capt. L. Smith, won Section I, while Team 6, under C. H. Drew, won Section II. A play-off of the two sections made Team 1 School Champions for 1918.

The game was a most one-sided affair throughout the forty minutes of play. The short defence of Team 6 were unable to control Smith, for the winners, who made a basket at will. But Team 6 surely stuck to the game all the way, handicapped as they were. The game ended 61-23. Line up:

Team 1—Forwards, L. Smith (Capt.) and I. Laidman; centre, D. McAllister; defence, C. Newberry, E. Hainsworth.

Team 6—Forwards, G. McNair, C. H. Drew; centre, Lyght; defence, W. Spear, R. Waines; spare, H. Wagner.

* * *

Early in January the first practice for the "reps" was called. From the large turn out of would-be "reps" hopes of a good team were high. Leon Smith was unanimously chosen as captain. Unable to secure a suitable coach the captain

took personal charge of the team. His ability and assistance were valuable.

Victoria College 18, H.C.I. 38

Collegiate started the season well by defeating the fast Victoria College team of Toronto. At no time was the result in doubt. The combination and speed of the "reps" was too much for the visitors, who were outplayed from all angles of the game. From the first shriek of the whistle Collegiate were the aggressors. In the first half they piled up a fourteen point lead. Half time score 24-10.

In the second half Victoria came back strong, but soon faded. Collegiate loosened up on the play, while the visitors tried hard to overcome the lead. Seeing this to be of no use they checked hard to keep the score down. Gordon, at defence, checked Smith incessantly; but Leon managed to slip them in from all angles under the basket. The whole Collegiate team displayed brilliant basketball against their heavier and more experienced opponents. Smith of the "reps" was no doubt the star of the game. Coles and McAndrew played well for Victoria, but were kept from enlarging the score by the timely interference of H.C.I. defence. With the visitors was Stanley Moote, the able coach at Victoria and former H.C.I. basketball star, renewing old acquaintances. Victoria has been the winner of the Sifton Cup in the past three years and runners-up in the two previous seasons. Line up:

Victoria College — Forwards, Coles (Capt.—6), Frid (4), McAndrews (4); centre, Bates (4); defence, Gordon and Pearson.

H.C.I.—Forwards, Wilson (2) and Smith (24); centre, Philpott (10); defence, Hannon (2) and Waldron. Spares, McAllister, Laidman, Newberry.

Mr. James, of Central "Y," satisfactorily refereed the game.

Toronto All-Stars 19, H.C.I. 37

The "reps" journeyed to Toronto to play an all-star team from the Toronto Collegiates. In the first period the teams were evenly matched. H.C.I. were unable to pile up a good lead, as in the previous game, in this frame. There was some fast and exciting basketball produced in this session. The half-time score stood 16-12 in favour of H.C.I.

The All-Stars got seven of their points on fouls, while H.C.I. scored one. "Hippo" Smith, the only star of all the stars, was best for the losers. Their lack of combination was chiefly the cause of such a defeat. Wilson and Philpott played a hard steady game for Collegiate, both scoring equally. The line up:

Toronto All-Stars — Forwards, Smith (10) and Lyons; centre, Duffield (4); defence, Vien and Eveirett (5).

H.C.I.—Forwards, Smith (16), Wilson (11); centre, Philpott (10); defence, Hannon and Waldron; spares, Laidman and McAllister.

F.M.C. 10, H.C.I. 41

About the middle of March H.C.I. was again victorious. The "reps" defeated the husky First Methodist Church Junior O.B.A. team of this city. From beginning to end Collegiate proved the better team. Try as they would F.M.C. found the basket for only five goals. In the first half play was slow and sloppy. All rushes by the visitors were easily broken by our defence. The period ended with H.C.I. ahead by 18-2.

With "Patty" Wallington on the defence in the last half the Church boys worked a little harder. For his size Wallington is a wonder, both offensively and defensively. Here the game was exciting at times. Waldron played well at defence, always working hard. Smith and Philpott took about an equal share in the scoring, the latter making some excellent shots. Toward the end of the half, Col-

legiate made a sudden spurt and scored at will, coming out on top with a score of 41-10. For the losers Wallington and McLean were best. The line-up:

F M C.—Forwards, I. Raycroft and Cline; centre, McLean (4); defence, H. Long (2) and P. Wallington (4).

H.C.I.—Forwards, L. Smith (17) and N. Philpott (13); centre, McAllister (4); defence, Waldron (6) and Hannon (2).

It will be noted that the "reps" played against three former Collegiate athletes in Long, McLean and Raycroft.

Brantford 17, H.C.I. 27

The Brantford "Hi Y" entertained Hamilton "Hi Y" on Friday evening, February 7th. The main attraction of the night was the basketball game between Brantford and the Collegiate "reps." This was about the worst game H.C.I. has played this year. In the first part of the contest Smith and his forwards seemed afraid to make a basket. Thus Brantford held Hamilton to 12-10.

In the second half the "guests" got down to business, playing fast combination and checking hard. Brantford, although used to their gym with the brick wall behind the baskets, were unable to hold Collegiate or increase their score more than seven points. The game ended with score as above. Line up:

H.C.I.—Forwards, R. Wilson and L. Smith; centre, Philpott; defence, K. Waldron and H. Hannon; spares, F. Newberry, I. Laidman and D. McAllister. Mr. Mosley, director at Brantford Y, refereed.

In the minor attraction on the programme, H.C.I. won at baseball 4-1. B.C.I. won the races and the volleyball games. The return banquet and entertainment was held March 21st at the local Y.M.C.A.

Ridley 18, H.C.I. 42

The cleanest basketball game played here in a long time was seen when Ridley played their annual game against Collegiate last month. As friendly rivals both teams played well, only one foul being called. With McMain at centre things looked dark for H.C.I. However, this towering youth did not live up to expectations. Our defence and centre easily untangled the ball from his far-reach-

ing arms. In this half some fast and thrilling plays were produced. Barr for Ridley made many sensational end-to-end rushes that gained rounds of applause when four tries proved effective. "Busty" Newberry, at defence for Collegiate, worked hard and saved many baskets. The play was close. H.C.I. were leading at half time 20 to 12.

In the second half Laidman substituted for McAllister, while Hannon replaced Newberry. Both showed up well. If but a bit taller "Baldy" would be a star forward. Hannon managed, easily, to keep Barr under control. For the first few minutes the play was even. Smith soon regained his stride and rolled the ball in as usual. In the final stages of the game play was mostly under Ridley's basket, thus making a 42-18 victory easy.

Mr. James, of Central "Y," handled the game to the satisfaction and delight of the spectators. The line up:

Ridley—Forwards, McKenzie and Barr (Capt.—10), centre, McMain (2), defence, Soans (2) and Sutherland (2); spares, Bertram (2), Wainwright and Hyslop.

H.C.I.—Forwards, Smith (26) and Philpott (8); centre, McAllister; defence, Waldron (2) and Hannon; spares, I. Laidman (6) and F. Newberry.

The return game will be played while the "Vox" is going to press.

* * *

No doubt whatever as to the "school spirit" still around these halls was shown when the gallery was crowded at every game. That certainly is the way to boost a team. Get out and cheer! The Boosters' Club did itself justice at each and every game. Let us all hope that next fall and winter our teams will have equal, and even better support from the school. Again the girls are becoming the school's strong supporters. That's the style, girls. Show us you are not dead to athletics.

* * *

The basketball team produced at H.C.I. this season is a wonder. To say that it is the best yet is only putting it in mild form. Individually each excels at his position. As a team they work like a well oiled machine. The players think of

nothing but the game and team, while playing. It certainly will be a great surprise if they are defeated this winter or spring, providing all are in the game.

* * *

Hockey

The old winter pastime has again entered the school. Ralph Biggar thought prospects looked good for a hockey team. At a meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided a team be allowed to operate with the red and black flying at the stern. The team immediately chose Lieut. Biggar as captain. Ralph is an old boy and played for the school before enlisting. The team was made up as follows: Centre, McAllister; wings, R. Biggar and J. Elliot; defence, F. Newberry and C. Newberry; goal, Robins. Spares, C. H. Drew, "Lefty" Carr and Flynn. On account of meagre practice the team was unable to be as successful as it might have been. The games played and scores:

Highfield 7, H.C.I. 4.

Dundas 3, H.C.I. 3.

St. Giles 3, H.C.I. 1.

Dundas 2, H.C.I. 3.

Highfield 4, H.C.I. 2.

St. Giles 1, H. C. I. 3.

A game scheduled with Ridley was not played, one of the players missing the train.

The games with Highfield were only practice games. Good accommodations at the Arena, for practice, were not to be had when needed. This is a good start for hockey, however. Watch for next season's team.

SPORTLIGHT

Lieut. Ralph Biggar, a former hockeyist, has returned to school for his matric.

What's a Field Day? That's easy. It is a day set aside each year by High Schools and Collegiates throughout the country for sports. It is a time when the school athletes' nerve, strength and endurance stands the test. It is a day when friendly competition is indulged in, friends are made and school spirit is predominant. Well, what about it? Simply this, boost such a day for old H.C.I., the school with the "pep." All in line for a Field Day. Let's have one this year, next September, say.

The Hi "Y" Club

The Hi "Y" Club this year has been successful in the extreme and the Officers are to be highly complimented upon their successful management of the affairs of the organization.

* * *

At the first meeting of the term, Dr. R. A. Thompson and members of the faculty were present as the guests of the Club and about one hundred fellows attended. Nominations for the Executive took place and the following week elections were held, these officers being installed:

President—Keith S. Waldron.

Secretary-Treasurer—Dave A. Robinson.

President 4th Form and Fossils—Chas. McIlroy.

Secretary 4th Form—Jim Kerr.

President 3rd Form—George Lomas.

Secretary 3rd Form—Warren Lloyd.

President 2nd Form—Edward Grice.

Secretary 2nd Form—Lawrence Dawson.

* * *

The aim of the Club is to encourage the Three C's Campaign which stands for Clean Speech, Clean Living and Clean Athletics.

* * *

Our speakers were excellent and proved most interesting, as they were all well versed on their respective subjects.

Major Fred Smith spoke on "The Over There Spirit"; Capt. A. H. McGillivray, "How Britain Transports Her Soldiers"; Capt. A. J. Brace, "With the Chinese in Flanders"; Rev. Wm. Ross, "Pioneering on the Congo"; Lieut. W. J. McGarvin, "The Forestry Corps."

* * *

On Feb. 7th, ninety-eight strong, the Club went to Brantford as the guests of the High School Club and succeeded in beating them at Basketball and Baseball, being beaten ourselves at Volley Ball and

in the Relay Race. Swimming and refreshments followed.

* * *

An innovation was started this year when a "Ladies' Night" was put on—on Feb. 28th. Over one hundred fellows and girls sat down to an enjoyable repast—thanks to Mrs. H. L. Brace and the mothers of some of the members. The girls were the pick of the school.

The decorations were in red and black and were arranged by Jim Laidlaw—Room 20.

The toast-list was excellently arranged and differed from the ordinary toast in being far from dry.

Newell Philpott proposed the toast to the Army, which was responded to by Trevor Thompson.

"The Navy" was proposed by Mr. Ward.

Fred Rogers in responding affirmed that life in the Navy was the greatest life on "earth."

This remark did not pass unchallenged.

Mr. Benson Johnston proposed the toast to the Club. K. Waldron replied. The toast to the B. G. C. was proposed by George Lomas. The B. G. C. is a Club of girls who render most valuable service at our regular Friday supper by dishing out the eats. It is certain that they are one of the chief sources of attraction. Miss Hazel Mackenzie, president of the B. G. C., responded.

Dave Robinson, in his toast, embraced "The Guests," embraced them in his speech, I mean.

Miss Bernice Balfour responded for the Guests in a few excellently chosen remarks.

"Mother" was proposed by Homer Taylor and met with a great response.

* * *

The Brantford Club visited us on Friday, March 21, in return for our visit six weeks previous. Their avowed intention was to get our scalps.

PERSONALS

ROOM 1

Solomon—"Say, kid, but you have lovely red lips!"

Hattie (later)—"And really, your lips are nice and red, too."

Solomon—"Why, your lips aren't as red as I thought they were."

V

Two maidens were seated at T,
Discussing the things that might B;

Said Hattie to Millie,

"I think I'll wed —,"

That is, if he asks me, U C."

V

Mr. Livingstone—"What, Albert, you in love with the famous dancer, Hattie Montray?"

Albert—"Yes, and I hope you won't say anything against her in my presence."

Mr. L.—"Me? Why, no Albert, I admired her, myself, when I was your age."

V

Rogers (at a young ladies' party and telling an experience)—"She was the ugliest woman I ever met," (and trying to be polite)," present company excepted, of course."

V

A motto for a murderer awaiting sentence: No noose is good news.

V

Kennedy—"What is this, Mr. Morris, that you have written on the margin of my paper. I cannot read it."

Mr. Morris—"That? That says that your writing is illegible. I couldn't translate such a scrawl."

V

Father—"What is your favourite hymn, Clara, my darling?"

Clara—"The one you chased away over the fence last night, dear Pa."

V

Pupil (French authors)—"Here there was a modest spring—a modest spring—a."

Mr. Collins—"Make another modest spring and you'll get there."

ROOM 2

Tilley—"She winked at you, eh? Well, what followed?"

Bascom—"I did."

V

Sinclair—"Are you fond of animals?"

Miss Laidlaw—"Why, are you after a compliment?"

V

Mr. McGarvin (turning around and perceiving Reid in the act of throwing a piece of chalk)—"Where did you get that piece of chalk?"

Reid—"On the head, sir."

V

The clever people of the world are continually telling us of new diseases. It was recently discovered in Room 2, that Perry had the new and dangerous complaint of being weak in the subject.

V

"There's one thing I'd like of you," he cried,

"If it would do no harm."

"And what is that, kind sir?" she sighed,

And he replied, "my arm."

V

Patterson—"Say, do you know, I saw a man swallow a two-foot ruler and he was dying by inches."

Miss Fyfe—"Why, that's nothing, why I heard of a man who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees."

Sinclair—"Why, down in Texas a man swallowed a revolver and went off easy."

Pugh—"Way out in Maine, a man drank a quart of applejack and died in high spirits."

V

M'Alister, in great wrath, "I could eat you, Finkleman."

"Well," said Finkleman, "you would have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head."

V

Hattie—"My stock in trade is brains."

Elsie—"You've got a funny looking sample case."

ROOM 3

Morrison—"I heard that Miss Whelan would love to do something for humanity."

Challen—"Tell her to give up singing, then."

V

Dodds—"I saw a good picture of you the other day."

Miss Walker—"Where?"

Dodds—"On a can of salmon."

V

"Be careful," said the young candidate's father near election time.

"Certainly," K. Gray replied.

"Remember, ye ain't prominent enough to say ye was misquoted."

V

Barnett—"I'm going to study common fractions to-morrow, mother."

Mother—"You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll have the very best fractions in the schools."

V

Ogilvy—"You say you wish this poem to appear anonymously in the 'Vox.'"

Would-Be-Contributor—"Yes."

Ogilvy—"I couldn't do that. It might cause unjust suspicion to fall on Lyght."

V

Coleman—"I trust I make myself plain."

McFarlane—"You don't have to. Nature has attended to that."

V

Gayfer—"I am always moved at the sound of music."

Miss McClemon—"Let me play something for you at once."

V

A current saying: "You can always tell a Collegiate boy, but you can't tell him much."

V

Miss Long—"When Pickard kisses me he colours right up to the eyes."

Miss Sutherland—"You shouldn't lay it on so thick."

V

Betty had four service stars,

Now she has another.

Funny thing about it is

She only has one brother.

ROOM 4

Mr. Devitt—"When was Rome built?"

Bouskill—"In the night."

Mr. Devitt—"How's that?"

Bouskill—"Well, you said yesterday that Rome wasn't built in a day."

V

Old Lady (meeting boy at agricultural show)—"Well, how are ye? I was just taking a look at the pigs and I saw your father."

V

Mr. Devitt—"Give me the Latin for the word 'to speak,' and give its principal parts."

Miss Fralick (to neighbour)—"Say, what is it?"

Miss Morningstar—"Blessed if I know!"

Miss Fralick (aloud)—"Blestifino, -are, -avi, -atum."

V

Finkleman wished to consult a physician and asked a friend to recommend one.

"And what does he charge?" queried Finkleman, making a note of the doctor's name.

"Five dollars for the first visit, and three for each succeeding call," was the reply.

Half an hour later Finkleman entered the doctor's office and greeted the pill tosser as follows:

"Good morning, Doc, I'm back again."

V

Miss Gordon walked into a newspaper office one day. Accidentally she brushed up against some paper scraps, upon which some glue had been spilt. Passing out onto the street she noticed everyone turning around, gazing at her, and then bursting into laughter. This continued until she reached home. Arriving there she said to her mother:

"Is there anything on my back?"

"Nothing that should not be there," answered her mother. "But there is a piece of paper sticking to your coat," I'll admit."

Miss Gordon pulled it off and read—"Daily News!"

ROOM 5

"What is memory, father?" asked Woods.

"Memory, my boy, is that tired, despairing feeling which creeps over you when you listen to a friend's original stories."

V

What Did She Mean?

Mrs. Key was visiting some friends and left the following note for her nearest neighbor:

"Dear Mrs. Garrison: Would you please put out a little food for the cat? It will eat almost anything, but do not put yourself out."

V

Dear Doc: I had a wart on the side of my neck. I took eight bottles of your compound patent-medicine. The wart moved around to the front and I now use it for a collar button.

V

An old captain and his mate went ashore and entered a restaurant for dinner. A curious liquid was placed before them.

"What's this stuff?" shouted the old salt.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter proudly.

"Soup!" said the captain, turning to his mate. "Just think, Bill, we've been sailing on soup all our lives and never knowed it till now."

V

I mix my beans with honey,

I've done so all my life;

Not that I like them better —

It's to keep them on my knife.

V

Smith—"Do you think you could take a good picture of me?"

Photographer—"Well, sir, I'm afraid I'll have to answer you in the negative."

V

Bright Pupil—"Can the Macassa?"

Teacher—"I don't see the joke; where does it come in?"

Bright Pupil—"At the foot of James Street."

ROOM 6

Conductor—"Your fare."

Miss Grimlay—"Do you think so, sir?"

V

Miss Snider—"You would be a good dancer only for two things."

Kelly (innocently)—"What are they?"

Miss Snider—"Your feet."

Advice

The next time McKelvy is talking to Miss Norton in the hall, it might be advisable to keep his coat-tail out of the sink.

Mr. Armstrong—"Take this, old man, here's something like a cigar."

Mr. Simpson—"Why yes, it is something like one. What is it?"

V

Teacher—"What tense do I use when I say, 'I am beautiful?'"

Pupil—"Remote past."

V

She—"Can you come up tonight in about half an hour?"

He—"Why yes, but that doesn't give me much time to get ready."

She—"Oh! Never mind fixing up, but for goodness sake, shave!"

V

The Palmist—"I can see that you are very particular about the details of dress."

Mr. Gordon—"How in the world can you tell that?"

The Palmist—"From your clothes-line, of course."

V

Our pet farmer pupil named his rooster Robinson because it crew so.

V

Sharpe—"I think its going to turn colder."

Dulle—"How can you tell?"

Sharpe—"I can feel the change in my pocket."

V

"Where are you going?"

"To a husking bee. You get a kiss if you find a red ear."

"I hope you find some."

"I ought to. I'm taking along a few."

ROOM 7

A Romance

Alone together for a space
He gazed intently on her face;
He spoke to her in accents shy,
Yet she could not reply.
With parted lips she still sat dumb,
Something forbade the words to come.
To soothe the pain she suffer-ed
He placed his arm around her head;
Still closer was she drawn to him,
She quivered hard in every limb —
But let not horror raise your hair,
She sat within a dentist's chair.

V

Miss Calvin (who doesn't understand a problem)—"I can't see that, sir."

Mr. Moffatt—"Shall I switch the light on?"

V

O Leo Margarine

Whether the years prove fat or lean,

This vow I here rehearse:

I take you, dearest Margarine,

For butter or for worse.

V

Caller—"Is your mother in, dearie?"

Dearie—"No, mother is out shopping."

Caller—"When will she return?"

Dearie (loudly)—"Mama, what shall I say now?"

V

He—"So Mrs. Brown is a widow?"

She—"Yes."

He—"Grass or sod?"

V

Miss Skerrett—"Why are the muscles in my head smaller than those in my arm?"

Miss Langs—"Well, you see, you use your arm."

V

The Explorer—"Would you believe it? I was out on the desert for three months without any provisions.

Sweet Little Thing—"Why, however did you live?"

The Explorer—"Well, I ate some of the sand-which-is-there."

ROOM 8

A woodpecker settled on Sutton's head,

And settled down to drill;

He bored away for a day and a half

And then he broke his bill.

V

Roberts, in a reading lesson—"Shall I cast myself into the mouth of hell?"—A pause.

Mr. Gordon—"Yes, go on.

V

Bryant was singing a ditty

One bright night in the fall,

Someone took him for a kitty

And heaved a brick—that's all.

V

Miss Brown, picking up a notebook from her desk—"Whose is this? It's got M. S. in one corner and H. L. in the other."

We wonder whose it is.

V

Miss Petrie—"Do you mean to say I use too much face powder?"

Miss Reynolds—"You ought to join the Plasterers' Union."

V

Reynolds—"Cyrus the Great must have been an incessant talker."

Mr. Moffatt—"Why do you think so?"

Reynolds—"Have you never read in history how he did Babylon (babble on)?"

V

Miss Hudson—"He promised to send back my lock of hair, but he hasn't done it yet."

Miss North—"That's the way with those hair restorers—all promise and no performance."

V

Squires—"I like a person with an open countenance."

Miss Biggar—"Then you ought to meet my brother."

Squires—"Why so?"

Miss Biggar—"He's always yawning."

V

McMaster—"A hog may be a squealer, but he never gives anything away."

That Saturday Job —



ROOM 11

Smith—"I see you are still at school.
What part of school life do you like best?"
T. Walsh—"Coming home."

V

Jack Elliott—"Oh John, if thirty-two is
the freezing point, what is the squeezing
point?"

John Sullivan—"I don't know."

Jack—"Two in the shade."

V

Keith had gone to church, and when he
arrived home, his father asked him what
the text was.

Keith replied: "Don't get scared and
I'll give you a quilt."

"Well, that was a funny text," said his
father. "I'll ask the minister next time
I see him."

So a few days later, the minister was
asked if his text was, "Don't get scared
and I'll give you a quilt?"

"No," said the minister, "but Keith was
not far out, for it was: 'Fear not, and
I'll send you a comforter.'"

V

Doctor—"I don't like your heart ac-
tion. You have had some trouble with
angina pectoris."

Harold Smith—"You're partly right,
doctor, only her name's Dorothy."

V

John Sullivan and Doris Arndt were
about to enter a crowded street car.

"Do you suppose we can squeeze in
here?" he said.

Miss Arndt, blushing replied, "Don't
you think, John, we had better wait until
we get home?"

V

Mr. Price—"How would you punctuate
this sentence: 'Ethel, a pretty girl, is
walking down the street?'"

Lomas—"I'd make a dash after Ethel."

V

Harold Smith—"Wouldn't it be awful
to be married to a talkative woman?"

ROOM 12

Miss Forbes—

O my Jolly, shallow hearted, O my Jolly,
mine no more;

O thou heartless, cruel Miss Beamer, he
was mine, yes, mine before—

V

Miss Beamer (impatiently)—"I am go-
ing uptown to get a new head."

Miss McCulloch—"Don't go to a hard-
ware store as you did the last time."

V

Boyde (as Roderick releases Kelly)—
"What was he doing to you?"

Kelly—"I guess he was trying to make
cider out of my Adam's apple."

V

Miss Beamer (absent mindedly helping
herself to a muffin)—"Let me see, this
is the thirty-first, isn't it?"

Little Brother—"No, lma, it's only
your fifth."

V

Vipond (in admiration)—"My word!
Your coat is just ripping!"

Miss Martin (in distress)—"Go on,
where?"

V

Jolly, after the band (poetically)—"Oh,
take me back to dear Old Blighty!"

Miss Forbes (in deep contrition)—"Oh!
What have I done, Ernest?"

V

Robert F. Ogilvy's sad decease
Was caused by a mix-up with the police.

"The punch at the ball," the cop said
with a laugh,

For Robert seemed stronger than two-
and-a-half.

V

Miss McCulloch—
O sweeter than our basket ball

'Tis sweeter far to me

To talk together of our Greek

In Boyde's sweet company.

V

Lyght—"I lost my head completely on
that exam."

Jolly—"That ought to effect the chony
market."

ROOM 13

Room 13 Student (reading Virgil)—
"Three times I strove to cast my arms
about her neck—and that's as far as I
got, Mr. Clarke."

Mr. Clarke—"Well, I think that was
quite far enough."

V

Miss Hamilton (to Mary Appleford in
whispering tones about Ethel Morden)—
"She's a bank manager's daughter."

Mary—"No wonder she draws so much
interest."

V

A new version of nature was found in
Mary Appleford's French paper in the
following sentence:

"From time to time a fish would leap
out of the water to catch some little
cows."

V

"Are you engaged to that young red-
headed man who called last night? I've
heard several reports —."

Evelyn Smith (anxiously)—"Goodness,
mother, did we make as much noise as
that?"

V

Patterson (to Cross at "The Unique")—
"Now, this is the kind of movie I like. It's
educational."

Cross—"Why, it's all about a vampire."

Patterson—"Just so. I may meet a
vampire some of these days, and then I'll
know how to protect myself."

V

Ode by Leon Smith

I stood on the bridge at the close of day
Attired in football clothes,
And the bridge belongs, I wish to say,
To the rival full-back's nose.

V

A student hesitates on the word "con-
noisseur."

Mr. Collins—"What would you call a
man who pretends to know everything?"

Harold Burrows—"A teacher."

ROOM 14

Schreiber—"I'll have all the Latin verbs
down great. I studied the conjugations,
indicative and subjunctive, and I have
them in my head at my disposal."

Mueller—"I see! All in a nutshell."

V

Notes on "Princess Poems"

1. "Oh! We fell out, my wife and I—
the boat upset.

2. "Sweet and low, sweet and low"—
that's my percentage.

3. Oh! Swallow! Swallow!—this re-
fers to a bird, not a banquet.

V

A naughty Levy (te) lad said that the
hymn he liked best was where the little
Jew boy stole the old gentleman's watch.

For Reference:

The old man, meek and mild,

The priest of Israel slept;

His watch the Temple child,

The little Levy (te) kept.

V

Frances Tighe—"An old man came to
our place to-day, to compliment father on
the grand sermon he preached on Sunday
night."

Chas. McIrvine—"Oh, yes! I have a
book at home with every word in it. I'll
lend it to you.

Franc. Tighe—"Thank you. I have a
dictionary."

V

Ode to Mueller

He used to wash his head sometimes,
(Perchance it didn't rain),

But now he doesn't need to,
He has water on the brain.

V

Photo Productions R. 14

1. "The Great Love" now on, featur-
ing Trevor Thompson and Miss Fredericka
Thompson.

2. R: Christie, in "A Dog's Life. Con-
tinuous performance from 9:15 a.m. till
4:45 p.m. Comes here after successful run
of one year in Room 1.

3. "A Daughter of the Gods," with the
Perfect Woman, Miss Bonnie.

4. Willie Schreiber in "His New Suit."
Now on, in three parts.

ROOM 15

Jean, whose record for deportment at school had always stood at 100, came home the other day with her standing at 98.

"What have you been doing, my daughter?" asked her doting mother.

"Been doing?" echoed Jean, dismally. "I've been doing just the same as I've always been doing—only Mr. Freeman caught me at it this time."

V

Pretty Miss Mills
Sat on the hills,
Learning her history;
Allan espied her,
And sat down beside her,
And stayed there indefinitely.

V

Kennedy—"I strained my eyes the other night."

Mr. Moffatt—"How?"

Kennedy—"Looking through a sieve."

V

Mr. Beck—"The man in the moon is crazy."

Grader—"How do you make that out?"

Mr. Beck—"Oh, he's away off, you know."

V

Spear—"Why should a young man never raise his straw hat to a young lady?"

Zealand—"I don't know. Why?"

Spear—"Because no matter how nicely he does it, it is never felt."

V

"These short skirts are rather bewildering."

"Yes, it isn't safe to take what you think is a little girl on your knee any more."

"Oh, I don't know, now."

V

Mr. F.—"I was told that one teacher got a lot of work out of you."

Allen—"Yes, the fact is, he just about got it all."

ROOM 16

Mr. A.—"I can't take up the second case to-day"—and this is prohibition!

V

Absent Minded Dave (reading from "Locksley Hall")—"In the spring a young man's fancy—socks and shirts come into view."

V

Mr. Freeman—"When Robinson, Boyde and Townsend get together, things are going to hum."

Which way did he mean this?

V

Mr. P.—"Write a composition on the Asylum."

Milne—"On, or in, Sir?"

Mr. P.—"Well, if that doesn't suit you, describe the interior of the Jail, and be sure and bring some people in."

V

McCormack—"What drove Hughes to drink?"

Miss Malone—"A taxi."

V

We would like to know:

1. Where Boyde buys his Brilliantine?
2. Who said, "Peace at any Price?"
3. What Waddell's nose is in mourning for?
4. Why all the boys had a cold the Monday after the dance?
5. Why Dave Robinson had cold sores?

V

Mr. Pugh—"Don't speak till the spirit moves, Waddell."

Boyde—"He hasn't had that much, even if his nose is red."

V

Mr. Freeman—"Give the parts of 'occurro'."

Miss Heather McDonald—"Occuro, ere, cursi, cursum."

Mr. Freeman—"No, no, you only curse once."

V

Robinson—"The French gained four hundred meters from the enemy."

Powell—"How splendid! That should help to put a stop to those dreadful gas attacks, at last."

THE ALUMNI BALL-

by - Jim Naim -



Among those present:
Trevor J. McKay Thompson
in his glad rags.



F. Smye, tenderly known as the Beef
Trust, shows us how it's done.



Messrs. Powell and Lomas
pause in the act of transporting
punch into the interior to pose
for their tintypes.



The innocent cause of so many
broken hearts and blank programmes,
Earnest Linger was not present.

ROOM 17

Mr. Johnson—"Leave the room, sir!"
Dunn—"Well, I'm not going to take it with me!"

V

A teacher left the following notice on the blackboard:—

Mr. ——— will meet his classes at 9 a.m. to-morrow.

One student thinking he would be smart, rubbed out the letter "c," in "classes"; whereupon the professor, seeing the change, rubbed out the letter "l."

V

There are girls like Marjorie Thompson,
Do their homework every night,
And their profiles in the morning,
Are a picture of delight;
There are girls that 'tend the theatres
And their minds are all at sea;
But when the 'aminations come,
We know where they would rather be.

V

Then there're girls that love their teachers
And there're girls that come in late.
But of the girls of all the rooms,
We're the girls that take the cake.

V

Four o'clock is almost here,
There's only left a speck,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across Long's neck.

Now the hands have reached the hour,
The clock has struck the four.
Beatty darts across the room
To reach the cloakroom door.

V

Scholar (who was nearly drowned)—
"It was simply wonderful. As I sank for the 3rd time, all the incidents of my past life came vividly before me."

Friend—"I say, did you remember the two dollars I lent you last year?"

V

Judge—"This officer says you had some words with your wife."

Prisoner—"I had some, your honour, but I didn't get a chance to use them."

ROOM 18

Mr. Shepherd—"Why are you always behind in your studies?"

Student—"Because if I were not, I could not pursue them."

V

"Please send a dozen roses, Stinson St., and send the bill to me."

"And what is your name?"

"O that's all right—she'll understand."

V

"I had to kill my dog this morning."

"Why? Was he mad?"

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."

V

On a mule we find two legs behind,
And two we find before;
We tickle behind, before we find
What the two legs behind, be for.

V

Dan Cupid is a sniper poor
Despite his love and kisses.
For tho' he always hits the mark
He's always making Mrs.

V

"Do you know why we whitewash all our chicken coops out West?"

"No, why do you?"

"So the chickens won't pick the grain out of the wood."

V

Overheard at the Rink

(It is rumoured the gentleman resides in Room 18 from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.)

"My dear young demoiselle, to speak to you with veracity shorn of all its dogmatic accretions, you have impinged upon my cupidic consciousness that, although this is our initial skate, I have implicit confidence it will not be the valedictory." Thus we see how we may change a simple thought into classic utterance with a mere fringe of literary amenities.

V

"So the doctor told you to go to a warmer climate. What was the nature of the trouble about which you consulted him?"

"I went there to collect a bill."

ROOM 19

According to the beauty book, Woodruff has kissable lips. We wonder if Mable agrees.

V

Mr. M.—"What's your excuse?"

Davidson—"I lost my Physics book."

Mr. M.—"Well, that excuse is worth exactly ninety cents."

V

Pa Fessenden—"Well, Arthur, how did you come out in your Latin exam?"

Arthur—"I got zero."

Pa—"Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of!"

V

Proverbs

Woodruff—Look before you pass that note across the aisle.

Mr. Armstrong—Better never than late.

Miss McKay—For the want of a mark the exams were lost.

Nig. Philpott—A ten o'clock scholar.

The Girls—"Much Ado About Nothing."

V

A census taken of the absentees from our room during the last month shows that, although we have no idea of connecting the two facts, when the show at Loew's is good, the "absent list" is just twice as long as when the show is poor. Funny, isn't it?

V

In the Manual Training Days

Sweet is holding a piece of iron while Mr. Taylor hammers it.

Sweet (rather shakily)—"Just a moment, sir, but are you going to hit where you are looking?"

Mr. T.—"Certainly, sonny."

Sweet—"Well, sir, I think you'd better get another boy to hold this for you."

V

Miss Fleming—"I just love caviar, don't you?"

Miss McKay—"I never heard him except on the phonograph."

V

"Short but sweet," said the grocer as he wrapped up fifteen ounces of sugar and labelled it a pound.

ROOM 20

A Knotty Problem

Old Salt—"Yes, Miss, we've some fine boats around here; some of them can steam twenty knots an hour."

"Oh! I suppose that they steam the knots so that the sailors can untie them easily."

Ranke, who has been attending the H.C.I., wrote the following letter some time ago to his brother Tom, who lives in the country:

"Thursday we arrived at the Club, where we golfed till dark. Then we motored to the Beach and Fridayed there."

Tom, not to be outdone by his brother's superior knowledge, wrote back the following reply:

"Yesterday we buggied to town and I baseballed till noon; then we went to Ned's and pokered till morning. To-day we muled to the corn field and gee-hawed till sundown. Then we suppered, and piped and talked for a while, after which we stair-cased up to bed, and bed-steaded till the clock fived."

V

"Hee haw!" said Elliott, as he passed a donkey cart.

"I see you know your brother," replied the driver.

"Yes, father," said Elliott, meekly.

V

"Yes," said Laidman, who was telling a story to an enthusiastic audience at Lyceum, "yes, it was enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed myself till I cried."

V

The munition works manager was showing a friend around the factory.

"What has become of Jimmy Laidlaw?" the friend asked. "Wasn't he here last year?"

"Ah yes," replied the manager. "Poor fellow! He was a good man, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals. Do you notice that slight discoloration on the ceiling?"

"Yes?"

"Well, that's Jimmy."

ROOM 21

Miss Reid (in Cloke's)—"Have you Lamb's Tales?"

Clerk—"This is a book store, not a butcher shop."

V

Farson (to customer)—"And how do you like your portrait?"

Customer—"Very well. But to tell the truth, I don't like that nose!"

Farson—"Neither do I. But it's your nose."

V

Mr. Morrison—"Now, boys, name some of the lower animals, starting with Vernon Hale."

V

Quoth Jimmie Nairn: "Jennie Wilson is a fine girl—brains enough for two."

Gray—"She's just the girl for you then, Jimmie."

V

McCulloch—"I've brought you a pet monkey to amuse you, Jean."

Jean—"Oh, how kind of you! Now I won't miss you when you're away."

V

Duff—"So sorry to hear of your motor accident, Hale."

Hale—"Oh, it's nothing, thanks. I expect to live through many more."

Duff—"Oh, I hope not!"

V

Friend—"I suppose deafness is a source of great annoyance to you."

B. Waite—"Occasionally. Last night, for instance, I danced with a lovely young lady, and I'd have given a great deal to know whether she said I danced like a "zephyr" or like a "heifer."

V

Dunn (going to Alumni Ball)—"Taxi, how much is it for me to go to the Collegiate?"

Taxi—"One dollar, sir."

Dunn—"How much for the lady?"

Taxi—"Nothing, sir."

Dunn—"Take the lady, I'll walk."

V

On the announcement board of Knox Church appeared the following:

Saturday Evening—"Pie Supper, Baking by Young Ladies' Class."

Sunday Evening Subject: "A Night of Agony."

ROOM 22

Mr. Freeman—"Are you listening, Hogarth?"

Hogarth—"Yes, sir, I am all ears."

Mr. Freeman—"So I have often noticed."

V

Barrett—"There must have been some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Mr. McGee—"Neither do I, but that's the lowest mark I am able to give."

V

Miss Katie Wilson is advertising for a gentleman friend. We wonder, would Teddy "Souter?"

V

A. Ward (at Lyceum)—"Why do they have that awful base drum in the orchestra?"

Miss Gardner—"It's all for the best, my dear, if it wasn't for that we could hear the rest of the orchestra."

V

Myrtle Kelter—"Do you suppose anyone would accuse me of wearing a wig?"

Reta Balbernie—"Oh, no dear, no one in their senses would choose hair like that."

V

Mr. McGee—"Crawford, tell Francis to stop his singing and get to work."

Crawford—"That's not Francis, sir, it's a foghorn."

V

Mr. Marshall—"What age do birds like best?"

Smith—"Their own age, of course."

Mr. Marshall—"What is that?"

Smith—"Their plumage."

(Please carry off Mr. Marshall.)

V

Foucar had just drawn a picture of the rising sun.

"That makes my mouth water," commented Mr. Johnson.

"Makes your mouth water," smirked Foucar, "what do you mean?"

"Why, it's a fried egg, isn't it?"

V

Old Lady (to Crawford who has been playing football)—"And do you often break your neck at football?"

ROOM 24

Think of Ernie Linger as you read this:
A young aviator was dying
And, as neath the wreckage he lay,
To the A.M.'s assembled around him,
These last parting words he did say:

Take the cylinders out of my kidneys
The connecting rod out of my brain,
From the small of my back take the
crank-shaft
And assemble the engine again.

V

Wanted by Room 24

The latest novel—for Linger.
The school-marm air—for Miss Hinch-
cliffe.

A feather duster—for Waines.

The Gold Medal—for Dougall.

A pass to the next Alumni Ball—Miss
Wingfield.

Cards, movies and Ulsterites abolished.
—Miss McIlroy.

A mathematical half-back—for Yours
Truly.

(We believe "Yours Truly" is Miss
McGregor.)

V

C. A. Morrell—

He can do mathematics by pages and
chapters.

And his poetry-loving puts Mr. Collins in
raptures.

We don't begrudge him his virtues one bit.
But when he starts—the rest might as
well quit.

V

Mr. Collins may be noted for his literary
ability, but he astounded his class with the
following extract for literature period, the
other day:

"A funny old man told this to me:
I fell in a snowdrift in June, said he;
I went to a ball game out in the sea;
I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree;
I found some gum in a cup of tea;
I stirred my milk with a big brass key;
I opened my door on my bended knee;
I beg your pardon for this, said he,
'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see!

ROOM 25

Soup, like Room 25, should be seen,
but not heard.

V

Miss Hill—"Leslie! You're not fit to sit
beside decent people—come right up here
and sit with me."

V

Teacher—"Well, Brown, is there any-
thing you can do better than anyone
else?"

Brown—"Yes, sir. I can read my own
writing."

V

Knapman—"Say, Bews, if you went
into a store to buy a muzzle for your dog,
and the storekeeper wouldn't fix it on for
you, what would you do?"

Bews—"Why, fix it on myself, of
course."

Knapman—"And a nice animal you'd
look, I'm sure!"

V

Mr. Freeman—"Miss Davis, take th
seat opposite Dawe."

Dawe starts humming that popular
song, "I Was Never Nearer Heaven in My
Life."

V

Mrs. Willard—"Ralph, did you have a
good time at the party?"

Ralph—"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Willard—"Why didn't you stay
until it was over?"

Ralph—"What was the use? I couldn't
eat any more."

V

Mr. Morrison—"Most streets have been
named after wealthy people."

Miss Goff—"Mr. Morrison, who was
Walnut Street named after?"

V

Caller at H.C.I.—"How many people
work at this place?"

Willard (absent-mindedly, but truth-
fully)—"Oh, I should say about a quarter
of them."

ROOM 26

Newberry—"How many men are there in a rugby team?"

Nelson—"Fourteen."

Newberry—"Wrong! There are thirteen and a quarter."

V

Sunday School Teacher—"You should love your neighbour; do you, Elliott?"

Mill—"I try to, sir, but she won't let me."

V

If a student is a book worm, is Mr. Armstrong an angle worm?

V

Mr. Price—"What was the sliding scale?"

Mutchmore—"That is a slippery question."

Ferguson—"O, you're pretty smooth."

V

Shameful

Two pretty girls met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched them.

"There's another of those things, which are so unfair," said one.

"What is that?" said his friend.

He pointed to the two girls.

"Women doing men's work," said he.

V

"What is the difference between the return of an American soldier and that of a Canadian soldier?"

When a Canadian soldier returns, they "kill the fatted calf"; when an American soldier returns, they "shoot the bull."

V

Charles Newberry entered a jewelry store and walked shyly up to the counter.

"Well," asked the jeweller, "What can I do for you?"

"I would like you to engrave some words on this ring," said Charles.

"What would you like?"

"W-w-well, put on it from Charley to 'Mary B', or no—just from 'Charley to Mary.'

"But," the jeweller interrupted, "young man, take my advice and just put 'From Charley.'"

ROOM 27

Mr. Morrison—"We'll now take up the Daniell cell.

Hainsworth—"Has that anything to do with 'the lion's den'?"

V

Mr. Price (during "feed")—"Lloyd, I'm afraid you are not getting anything out of this."

Ferguson—"Yes, sir, he gets everything that comes his way."

V

Mr. Clark says we have to cram before the exams.

Perhaps it is a case of stuffing before plucking.

V

Lomas was inscribing on the edge of his Latin Grammar.

Mr. Clarke—"I suppose you are putting on your book, not open after four o'clock."

V

Miss Jones—"You know when Bayley hit Lloyd on the back?"

Matchett—"Yes."

Miss Jones—"Well, why did the boys all yell?"

Matchett—"O, I guess it was so that the girls couldn't hear what he said."

V

Miss Matchett—He fell in love with her photograph and asked for the original.

Miss Jones—What developed?

Miss Matchett—She gave him the negative.

V

Mr. Price—"What is the matter with you two boys, Bayley and Matchett?"

Matchett—"I only want my half of the seat."

Bayley—"Yes, but he wants his half in the middle."

V

Wootton was going in to the Fourth Form, having successfully passed his examinations.

"Oh, Mr. Armstrong!" he wailed, "I wish you knew enough to teach the Fourth Form so you could come along and teach me next year!"

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Judge—Dr. Thompson

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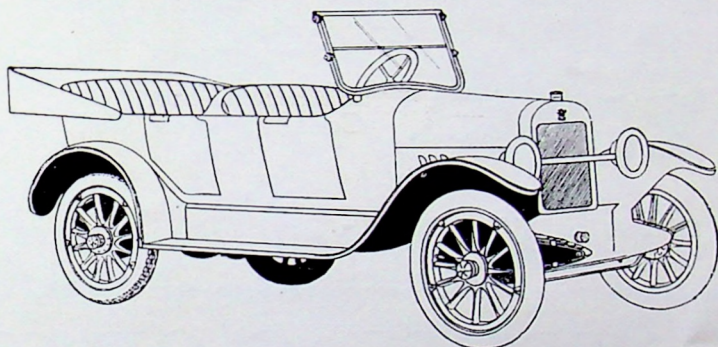
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

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

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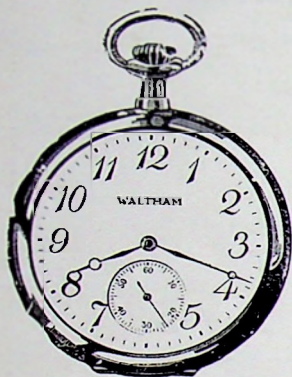
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